The Works of Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE

PLAYS

VOL. II

Edited by
H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH

THE PERCY REPRINTS
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

VOL. II

THE *Dramatic* WORKS OF Sir *George Etherege*

Edited with Introduction and Notes by
H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH

VOL. II

OXFORD
Basil Blackwell
1927

Made and Printed in Great Britain
by Hazell, Watson & Viney Ld.
London and
Aylesbury

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She wou'd if ſhe cou'd,

A

COMEDY.

Acted at His

HIGHNESSE the DUKE of YORK'S

THEATRE.

Written by

GEORGE ETHEREGE Eſq;

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Oliver Cockwood & *Sir* Joslin Jolley, } *Two Country Knights.*

Mr. Courtall & *Mr.* Freeman, } *Two honest Gentlemen of the Town.*

My Lady Cockwood.

Ariana & Gatty, } *Two young Ladies, Kinswomen of Sir* Joslin Jolley's.

Mrs. Sentry, *My Lady* Cockwoods *Gentlewoman.*

Mrs. Gazette & *Mrs.* Trinket, } *Two Exchange-women.*

Mr. Rake-hell, *A Knight of the Industry.*

Thomas, *Sir* Oliver Cockwoods *Man.*

A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtall.

Waiters, Fidlers, and other Attendants.

She wou'd if she cou'd

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Courtall *and* Freeman, *and a Servant brushing* Courtall.

Court. SO, so, 'tis well: let the coach be made ready.

Serv. It shall, Sir. [*Ex. Serv.*

Court. Well, *Franck*, what is to be done to day?

Free. Faith, I think we must e'ne follow the old trade; eat well, and prepare our selves with a Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our old acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes; for, for ought as I see, there is no hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was otherwise in my memory; a Gentleman should not have gone out of his Chamber, but some civil Officer or other of the Game wou'd have been with him, and have given him notice where he might have had a course or two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly a good motherly woman of my acquaintance t'other day, talking of the sins of the times, told me, with tears in her Eyes, that there are a company of higling Rascals, who partly for themselves, but more especially for some secret friends, daily forestall the Markets; nay, and that many Gentlemen who formerly had been Persons of great worth and honour, are of late, for some private reasons, become their own Purveyors, to the utter decay and disencouragement of Trade and Industry.

Court. I know there are some wary Merchants, who

never trust their business to a Factor; but for my part, I hate the *Fatigue*, and had rather be bound to back my own Colts, and man my own Hawks, than endure the impertinencies of bringing a young Wench to the Lure.

[*Ent. Serv.*

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below desires to speak with you.

Cour. Ha, *Freeman*, this may be some lucky Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Cour. And did not you say Ay?

Serv. I told her, I would go see.

Cour. Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am. *Franck*, prithee let me put thee into this Closet a while.

Free. Why, may not I see her?

Cour. On my life thou shalt have fair play, and go halfs, if it be a purchase that may with honour be divided; you may over-hear all: but for decency sake, in, in man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee.

[*Enter Mrs.* Sentry.

Cour. Mrs. *Sentry*, this is a happiness beyond my expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Cour. I hope your Lady's come to Town?

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family: well! we have had a sad time in the Country; my Lady's so glad she's come to enjoy the freedom of this place again, and I dare say longs to have the happiness of your company.

Cour. Did she send you hither?

Sent. Oh no, if she should but know that I did such a confident trick, she wou'd think me a good one i'faith; the zeal I have to serve you, made me venture to call in my way to the Exchange, to tell you the good news, and to let you know our Lodgings are in *James-street* at the Black-Posts, where we lay the last Summer.

Cour. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Sent. But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady, that you came to the knowledge of this by some lucky chance or other; for I would not be discovered for a world.

Cour. Let me alone, I warrant thee.

[*Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on you.

Sent. O Heaven! my Master! my Lady, and my self are both undone, undone——

Court. 'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was busie?

Sent. For Heavens sake, Mr. *Courtall*, what shall I do?

Cour. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the Wood-hole here. [*She goes into the Wood-hole.*

Enter Sir Oliver.

Cour. Sir *Oliver Cockwood!* [*Embraces him.*

Sir Oliv. Honest *Ned Courtall*, by my troth I think thou tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou hug'st me so very close and heartily.

Cour. Only my joy to see you, Sir *Oliver*, and to welcome you to Town.

Sir Oliv. Methinks, indeed, I have been an age absent, but I intend to redeem the time; and how, and how stand Affairs, prithee now? is the Wine good? are the Women kind? Well, faith, a man had better be a vagabond in this Town, than a Justice of Peace in the Country: I was e'ne grown a Sot for want of Gentleman-like recreations; if a man do but rap out an Oath, the people start as if a Gun went off; and if one chance but to couple himself with his Neighbours Daughter, without the help of the Parson of the Parish, and leave a little testimony of his kindness behind him, there is presently such an uproar, that a poor man is fain to fly his Country: as for Drunkenness, 'tis true, it may be us'd without scandal, but the Drink is so abominable, that a man would forbear it, for fear of being made out of love with the vice.

Cour. I see, Sir *Oliver*, you continue still your old humour, and are resolv'd to break your sweet Lady's heart.

Sir Oliv. You do not think me sure so barbarously unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these are secrets fit only to be trusted to such honest Fellows as thou art.

Cour. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since a Woman of such rare beauty, such incomparable parts, and of such an unblemished reputation, is not able to reclaim you from these wild courses, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. To say the truth, she is a Wife that no man need be asham'd of, *Ned*.

Cour. I vow, Sir *Oliver*, I must needs blame you, considering how tenderly she loves you.

Sir Oliv. Ay, Ay, the more is her misfortune, and mine too *Ned*: I would willingly give thee a pair of the best Coach-Horses in my Stable, so thou could'st but perswade her to love me less.

Cour. Her virtue and my friendship sufficiently secure you against that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. I know thou wert never married; but has it never been thy misfortune to have a Mistress love thee thus entirely?

Cour. It never has been my good fortune, Sir *Oliver*. But why do you ask this question?

Sir Oliv. Because then, perchance, thou might'st have been a little sensible what a damn'd trouble it is.

Cour. As how, Sir *Oliver?*

Sir Oliv. Why look thee, thus: for a man cannot be altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd to kiss, and fawn, and toy, and lye fooling an hour or two, when a man had rather, if it were not for the disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory paulted with Rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Cour. This is a very hard case indeed, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. And then the inconvenience of keeping regular hours; but above all, that damn'd fiend Jealousie does

so possess these passionate Lovers, that I protest, *Ned*, under the *Rose* be it spoken, if I chance to be a little prodigal in my expence on a private Friend or so, I am call'd to so strict an account at night, that for quietness sake I am often forc'd to take a Dose of Cantharides to make up the sum.

Cour. Indeed, Sir *Oliver*, every thing consider'd, you are not so much to be envy'd as one may rashly imagine.

Sir Oliv. Well, a pox of this tying man and woman together, for better, for worse! upon my conscience it was but a Trick that the Clergy might have a feeling in the Cause.

Cour. I do not conceive it to be much for their profit, Sir *Oliver*, for I dare lay a good wager, let 'em but allow Christian Liberty, and they shall get ten times more by Christnings, than they are likely to lose by Marriages.

Sir Oliv. Faith, thou hast hit it right, *Ned*; and now thou talk'st of Christian Liberty, prethee let us dine together to day, and be swingingly merry, but with all secrecy.

Cour. I shall be glad of your good company, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom I left here hard by making a Visit, Sir *Joslin Jolly*, a Kinsman of my Wifes, and my Neighbour in the Country; we call Brothers, he came up to Town with me, and lodgeth in the same house; he has brought up a couple of the prettiest Kinswomen, Heiresses of a very good Fortune: would thou hadst the instructing of 'em a little; faith, if I am not very much mistaken, they are very prone to the study of the Mathematicks.

Cour. I shall be beholding to you for so good an acquaintance.

Sir Oliv. This Sir *Joslin* is in great favour with my Lady, one that she has an admirable good opinion of, and will trust me with him any where; but to say truth, he is as arrant a sinner as the best of us, and will boggle at

nothing that becomes a man of Honour. We will go and get leave of my Lady; for it is not fit I should break out so soon without her approbation, *Ned.*

Cour. By no means, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. Where shall we meet about an hour hence?

Cour. At the French-house or the Bear.

Sir Oliv. At the French-house by all means.

Cour. Agreed, agreed.

Sir Oliv. Would thou could'st bring a fourth man.

Cour. What think you of *Franck Freeman?*

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better——well——Servant, *Ned,* Servant, *Ned!* [*Exit Sir* Oliver.

Cour. Your Servant, Sir *Oliver.* Mrs. *Sentry!*

Sentry in the hole. Is he gone?

Cour. Ay, Ay! you may venture to bolt now.

Sentry crawling out. Oh Heavens! I would not endure such another fright.

Cour. Come, come, prethee be compos'd.

Sen. I shall not be my self again this fortnight; I never was in such a taking all the days of my Life. To have been found false, and to one who to say truth, has been always very kind and civil to me; but above all, I was concern'd for my Lady's Honour——

Cour. Come, come——there's no harm done.

Sent. Ah! Mr. *Courtall,* you do not know Sir *Oliver* so well as I do, he has strange humours sometimes, and has it enough in's Nature to play the Tyrant, but that my Lady and my self awe him by our Policy.

Cour. Well, well, all's well; did you not hear what a taring Blade Sir *Oliver* is?

Sent. Ah! 'tis a vile dissembling man; how fairly he carries it to my Lady's face! but I dare not discover him for fear of betraying my self.

Cour. Well, Mrs. *Sentry,* I must dine with 'em, and after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass or two, if I can I will slip away, and pay my respects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not question your welcome, I assure you, Sir——your Servant, Sir.

Cour. Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry*, I am very sensible of this Favour, I assure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my pow'r to oblige you, Sir. [*Exit* Sentry.

Cour. Freeman! come, come out of thy hole; how hast thou been able to contain?

Free. Faith much ado, the Scene was very pleasant; but above all, I admire thy impudence, I could never have had the face to have wheadl'd the poor Knight so.

Cour. Pish, Pish, 'twas both necessary and honest; we ought to do all we can to confirm a Husband in the good opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if without offence a man may ask you, have you been in good grace with this Person of Honour? I never knew you had that commendable quality of secrecy before.

Cour. You are mistaken, *Freeman*, things go not as you wickedly imagine.

Free. Why, hast thou lost all sense of modesty? Do'st thou think to pass these gross wheadles on me too? come, come, this good news should make thee a little merrier: faith, though she be an old Acquaintance, she has the advantage of four or five months absence. 'Slid, I know not how proud you are, but I have thought my self very spruce e're now in an old Suit, that has been brush'd and laid up a while.

Cour. Freeman, I know in cases of this nature thou art an Infidel; but yet methinks the knowledge thou hast of my sincere dealing with my Friends should make thee a little more confiding.

Free. What devilish Oath could she invent to fright thee from a discovery?

Cour. Wilt thou believe me if I swear, the preservation of her Honour has been my fault, and not hers?

Free. This is something.

Cour. Why then, know that I have still been as careful to prevent all opportunities, as she has been to contrive 'em; and still have carried it so like a Gentleman, that there has not had the least suspicion of unkindness: she is the very spirit of impertinence, so foolishly fond and troublesom, that no man above sixteen is able to endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Cour. Some conveniences which I had by my acquaintance with the Sot her Husband, made me extraordinary civil to her, which presently by her Ladiship was interpreted after the manner of the most obliging women: this Wench came hither by her Commission to day.

Free. With what confidence she deny'd it!

Cour. Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you; now is it expected I should lay by all other occasions, and watch every opportunity to wait upon her; she would by her good will give her Lover no more rest, than a young Squire that has newly set up a Coach, does his only pair of Horses.

Free. Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much blame the hardness of thy heart: but did not the Oafe talk of two young Ladies?

Cour. Well remembred, *Frank*, and now I think on't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my business with the old one, that we may the better have an opportunity of being acquainted with them. Come, let us go and bespeak dinner, and by the way consider of these weighty affairs.

Free. Well, since there is but little ready money stirring, rather then want entertainment, I shall be contented to play a while upon Tick.

Cour. And I, provided they promise fair, and we find there's hopes of payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sir Oliver Cockwood's *Lodging.*

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. 'Tis too late to repent: I sent her, but yet I cannot but be troubled to think she stay's so long; sure if she has so little gratitude to let him, he has more honour then to attempt any thing to the prejudice of my affection——Oh——*Sentry*, are you come?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! there has been such an accident!

La. Cock. Prithee do not fright me, Wench——

Sent. As I was discoursing with Mr. *Courtal*, in came Sir *Oliver*.

La. Cock. Oh!——I'm ruin'd——undone for ever!

Sent. You'l still be sending me on these desperate Errands.

La. Cock. I am betray'd, betray'd——by this false——what shall I call thee?

Sent. Nay, but Madam——have a little patience——

La. Cock. I have lost all patience, and will never more have any——

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well——

La. Cock. Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman.

Sent. Mr. *Courtall* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

La. Cock. And did not Sir *Oliver* see thee?

Sent. He had not the least glimpse of me——

La. Cock. Dear *Sentry*——and what good news?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the Afternoon, Madam——

La. Cock. I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam——I'le warrant you I did every thing much to the advantage of your Honour.

La. Cock. Ah *Sentry*! if we could but think of some lucky plot now to get Sir *Oliver* out of the way.

Sent. You need not trouble your self about that, Madam, he has engag'd to dine with Mr. *Courtall* at the French-house, and is bringing Sir *Joslin Jolly* to get your good Will; when Mr. *Courtall* has fix'd 'em with a Beer-glass or two, he intends to steal away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Truly he is a Person of much Worth and Honour.

Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have over-heard Sir *Oliver*'s Discourse, he would have made you bless your self; there is not such another wild man in the Town; all his talk was of Wenching, and swearing, and drinking, and tearing.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, *Sentry*, I know he'll talk of strange matters behind my back; but if he be not an abominable Hypocrite at home, and I am not a Woman easily to be deceived, he is not able to play the Spark abroad thus, I assure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, *and Sir* Joslin, *Sir* Joslin *singing.*

My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee to come home agen thus quickly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any just cause to accuse me of unkindness.

La. Cock. Sir *Joslin*, now you are a good man, and I shal trust you with Sir *Oliver* agen.

Sir Jos. Nay, if I ever break my word with a Lady, I will be deliver'd bound to Mrs. *Sentry* here, and she shall have leave to carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a heart cruel enough for such a bloody execution?

Sir Jos. Kindly spoke i'faith, Girl, I'le give thee a Buss for that. [*Kisses her.*

La. Cock. Fy, fy, Sir *Joslin*, this is not seemly in my presence.

Sir Jos. We have all our failings, Lady, and this is mine:

a right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear running after a Hare when he sees her, as I can mumbling a pretty Wench when she comes in my way.

La. Cock. I have heard indeed you are a parlous man, Sir *Joslin.*

Sir Jos. I seldom brag, Lady, but for a true Cock of the Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best of 'em.

Sir Oliv. Sir *Joslin*'s merry, my Dear.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, if he should be wicked, I know thou art too much a Gentleman to offer an injury to thine own dear Lady.

Sir Jos. Faith, Madam, you must give my Brother *Cockwood* leave to dine abroad to day.

La. Cock. I protest, Sir *Joslin*, you begin to make me hate you too; well, you are e'ne grown as bad as the worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of the sweet Society of Sir *Oliver.*

Sir Jos. Come, come, your Discipline is too severe, i'faith Lady.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir, he knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, be not angry, Sir *Joseph* was so earnest in his invitation, that none but a Clown could have refus'd him.

Sir Jos. Ay, Ay, we dine at my Uncle Sir *Joseph Jolly*'s, Lady.

La. Cock. Will you be sure now to be a good Dear, and not drink, nor stay out late?

Sir Jos. I'le engage for all, and if there be no harm in a merry Catch or a waggish Story——

Enter Ariana *and Mrs.* Gatty.

Ha, ha! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, are you got up? I know what you have been meditating on; but never trouble your heads, let me alone to bring you consolation.

Gat. We have often been beholding to you, Sir; for

every time he's drunk, he brings us home a couple of fresh Servants.

Sir Oliv. Well, farewel my Dear, prithee do not sigh thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

La. Cock. I shall receive most satisfaction in my Chamber.

Sir Jos. Come, come along, Brother: farewel one and all, Lady and Sly-girl, Sly-girl and Mad-cap, your Servant, your Servant——

[*Ex. Sir* Oliver *and Sir* Joslin *singing.*

La. Cock. to Sentry aside. Sentry, is the new Point I bought come home, and is every thing in a readiness?

Sent. Every thing, Madam.

La. Cock. Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and dress me. [*Ex. La. Cock. and Sentry.*

Aria. Dost not thou wonder, *Gatty*, she should be so strangely fond of this Coxcomb?

Gat. Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still be discover'd when I do; didst thou not see how her Countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their backs were turn'd, and how earnestly she whispered with her Woman? there is some weighty affair in hand, I warrant thee: my dear *Ariana*, how glad am I we are in this Town agen.

Aria. But we have left the benefit of the fresh Air, and the delight of wandring in the pleasant Groves.

Gat. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman to bemoan the loss of indeed, that's newly come to a relish of the good things of this world.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gatty. Why, hast not thou promis'd me a thousand times, to leave off this demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Gatty. Why, wou'd it not make any one mad to hear thee bewail the loss of the Country? speak but one grave word more, and it shall be my daily Prayers thou may'st have a jealous Husband, and then you'le have enough of it I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your tongue be not altogether so nimble, I may be conformable ; But I hope you do not intend we shall play such mad Reaks as we did last Summer?

Gatty. 'Slife, do'st thou think we come here to be mew'd up, and take only the liberty of going from our Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the Dining-Room to our Chamber again ? and like a Bird in a Cage, with two Perches only, to hop up and down, up and down ?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Gat. Would'st thou never have us go to a Play but with our grave Relations, never take the air but with our grave Relations ? to feed their pride, and make the world believe it is in their power to afford some Gallant or other a good bargain ?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Gatty. Pish ! the men were only acquainted with our Vizards and our Petticoats, and they are wore out long since : how I envy that Sex ! well ! we cannot plague 'em enough when we have it in our power for those priviledges which custom has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The truth is, they can run and ramble here, and there, and every where, and we poor Fools rather think the better of 'em.

Gatty. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house, and if they like neither the Play nor the Women, they seldom stay any longer than the combing of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with a Friend ; and then they cock their Caps, and out they strut again.

Aria. But whatsoever we do, prithee now let us resolve to be mighty honest.

Gatty. There I agree with thee.

Aria. And if we find the Gallants like lawless Subjects, who the more their Princes grant, the more they impudently crave——

Gatty. We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive 'em of all the priviledges we gave 'em——

Aria. Upon these conditions I am contented to trail a Pike under thee——march along, Girl. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Courtal *and* Freeman.

Court. WAs there ever a couple of Fops better match'd than these two Knights are?

Free. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so tun'd 'em, as if she intended they should always play the Fool in Consort.

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* secure, for he dares not go home 'till he's quite drunk, and then he grows valiant, insults, and defies his sweet Lady; for which with Prayers and Tears he's forc'd to feign a bitter repentance the next morning.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry-Garden? Why do not we make this visit then?

Court. Now art thou as mad upon this trail, as if we were upon a hot scent.

Free. Since we know the bush, why do we not start the Game?

Court. Gently, good *Franck*; first know that the laws of Honour prescrib'd in such nice cases, will not allow me to carry thee along with me; and next, hast thou so little wit to think, that a discreet Lady that has had the experience of so much humane frailty, can have so good an opinion of the constancy of her Servant, as to lead him into temptation?

Free. Then we must not hope her Ladiship shou'd make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

Cour. Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an old Rook should bring a young Snap acquainted with his

Bubble; but advantages may be hereafter made, by my admission into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then?

Cour. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it: Sir *Oliver*, when I began to grow resty, that he might incline me a little more to drunkenness, in my ear discover'd to me the humour of his dear friend Sir *Joslin*: he assur'd me, that when he was in that good-natur'd condition, to requite their courtesie, he always carried the good Company home with him, and recommended them to his Kinswomen.

Free. Very good!

Court. Now after the fresh air has breath'd on us a while, and expel'd the vapours of the Wine we have drunk, thou shalt return to these two Sots, whom we left at the French-house, according to our promise, and tell 'em, I am a little stay'd by some unlucky bus'ness, and will be with 'em presently; thou wilt find 'em tir'd with long fight, weak and unable to observe their Order; charge 'em briskly, and in a moment thou shalt rout 'em, and with little or no damage to thy self gain an absolute Victory.

Free. Very well!

Court. In the mean time I will make my visit to the longing Lady, and order my business so handsomly, that I will be with thee again immediately, to make an Experiment of the good humour of Sir *Joslin*.

Free. Let's about it.

Court. 'Tis yet too early, we must drill away a little time here, that my excuses may be more probable, and my persecution more tolerable.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty *with Vizards, and pass nimbly over the Stage.*

Free. Ha, ha——how wantonly they trip it! there is temptation enough in their very gate, to stir up the courage of an old Alderman: prithee let us follow 'em.

Cour. I have been so often balk'd with these Vizard-

Masks, that I have at least a dozen times forsworn 'em; they are a most certain sign of an ill face, or what is worse, an old Acquaintance.

Free. The truth is, nothing but some such weighty reason, is able to make women deny themselves the pride they have to be seen.

Cour. The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet there is but little company.

Free. Our Course will be the better, these Deer cannot herd: come, come man, let's follow.

Cour. I find it is a meer folly to forswear any thing, it does but make the Devil the more earnest in his temptation.

[*They go after the Women.*

Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.

Aria. Now if these should prove two men of War that are crusing here, to watch for Prizes.

Gatty. Would they had courage enough to set upon us; I long to be engag'd.

Aria. Look, look yonder, I protest they chase us.

Gatty. Let us bear away then; if they be truly valiant they'll quickly make more Sail, and board us.

The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door.

Enter Courtall *and* Freeman.

Free. 'Sdeath, how fleet they are! whatsoever faults they have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Cour. Sure, by that little mincing step they shou'd be Country Fillies that have been breath'd at Course a Park, and Barly-Break: we shall never reach 'em.

Free. I'le follow directly, do thou turn down the Cross-walk and meet 'em.

Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtal *at the lower Door, and* Free. *at the upper on the contrary side.*

Cour. By your leave, Ladies——

Gatty. I perceive you can make bold enough without it.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies——

Aria. Or any other Ladys that will give themselves the trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'Slife, their tongues are as nimble as their heels.

Cour. Can you have so little good nature to dash a couple of bashful young men out of countenance, who came out of pure love to tender you their service?

Gatty. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

Aria. Indeed methinks they look as if they never had been slip'd before.

Free. Yes faith, we have had many a fair course in this Paddock, have been very well flesh'd, and dare boldly fasten. [*They kiss their hands with a little force.*

Aria. Well, I am not the first unfortunate woman that has been forc'd to give her hand, where she never intends to bestow her heart.

Gatty. Now, do you think 'tis a bargain already?

Cour. Faith, would there were some lusty earnest given, for fear we should unluckily break off again.

Free. Are you so wild that you must be hooded thus?

Cour. Fy, fy, put off these scandals to all good Faces.

Gatty. For your reputations sake we shall keep 'em on: 'slife we should be taken for your Relations, if we durst shew our Faces with you thus publickly.

Aria. And what a shame that would be to a couple of young Gallants! methinks you should blush to think on't.

Cour. These were pretty toys, invented, first, meerly for the good of us poor Lovers to deceive the jealous, and to blind the malicious; but the proper use is so wickedly perverted, that it makes all honest men hate the fashion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as seldom cover'd with a Vizard-Mask, as a good Hat with an oyl'd Case: and yet on my Conscience, you are both Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfie a foolish Scruple.

Aria. This is a just punishment you have brought upon your selves, by that unpardonable Sin of talking.

Gatty. You can only brag now of your acquaintance with a Farendon Gown, and a piece of black Velvet.

Cour. The truth is, there are some vain fellows whose loose behaviour of late has given great discouragement to the honourable proceedings of all vertuous Ladies.

Free. But I hope you have more charity, than to believe us of the number of the wicked.

Aria. There's not a man of you to be trusted.

Gatty. What a shame is it to your whole Sex, that a Woman is more fit to be a Privy-Councellour, than a young Gallant a Lover?

Cour. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for men that are idle; but you must bid a little fairer, if you intend to keep us from our serious bus'ness.

Gatty. Truly you seem to be men of great imployment, that are every moment ratling from the Eating-Houses to the Play-Houses, from the Play-Houses to the Mulberry-Garden, that live in a perpetual hurry, and have little leisure for such an idle entertainment.

Cour. Now would not I see thy face for the world; if it should but be half so good as thy humour, thou woud'st dangerously tempt me to doat upon thee, and forgetting all shame, become constant.

Free. I perceive, by your fooling here, that wit and good humour may make a man in love with a Blackamore. That the Devil should contrive it so, that we should have earnest bus'ness now.

Cour. Wou'd they wou'd but be so kind to meet us here again to morrow.

Gatty. You are full of bus'ness, and 'twould but take you off of your employment.

Aria. And we are very unwilling to have the sin to answer for, of ruining a couple of such hopeful young men.

Free. Must we then despair?

Aria. The Ladys you are going to, will not be so hard-hearted.

Cour. to Free. On my Conscience, they love us, and begin to grow jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier adventure of the two?

Cour. Come, come, we know you have a mind to meet us: we cannot see you blush, speak it out boldly.

Gatty. Will you swear then, not to visit any other Women before that time?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but because we would not have you tir'd with the impertinent Conversation of our Sex, and come to us dull and out of humour.

Cour. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid 'twould make an Atheist start to hear it.

Free. And I will swear it readily, that I will not so much as speak to a woman, 'till I speak to you again.

Gatty. But are you troubl'd with that foolish scruple of keeping an Oath?

Free. O most religiously!

Cour. And may we not enlarge our hopes upon a little better acquaintance?

Aria. You see all the freedom we allow.

Gatty. It may be we may be intreated to hear a Fiddle, or mingle in a Country Dance, or so.

Cour. Well! we are in too desperate a condition to stand upon Articles, and are resolv'd to yield on any terms.

Free. Be sure you be punctual now!

Aria. Will you be sure?

Cour. Or else may we become a couple of credulous Coxcombs, and be Jilted ever after.——Your Servants, Ladys. [*Ex. Men.*

Aria. I wonder what they think of us!

Gat. You may easily imagine; for they are not of a humour so little in fashion, to believe the best: I assure you the most favourable opinion they can have, is that

we are still a little wild, and stand in need of better manning.

Aria. Prithee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em ?

Gat. Faith so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Wou'd I had never seen 'em !

Gat. Ha ! Is it come to that already ?

Aria. Prithee, let's walk a turn or two more, and talk of 'em.

Gat. Let us take care then we are not too particular in their commendations, lest we should discover we intrench upon one anothers inclinations, and so grow quarrelsom.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Sir* Oliver's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Cockwood *and* Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus unreasonably ; I dare lay my life, it is not want of devotion, but opportunity that stays him.

La. Cock. Ingrateful man ! to be so insensible of a Ladies passion !

Sent. If I thought he were so wicked, I should hate him strangely——but, Madam——

La. Cock. Do not speak one word in his behalf, I am resolv'd to forget him ; perfidious Mortal, to abuse so sweet an opportunity !

Sent. Hark, here is some body coming up stairs.

La. Cock. Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtall.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. starting. Mr. *Courtall,* for Heav'n sake how came you hither ?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam——Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry.*

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir ; I protest you made me start too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

La. Cock. I did not imagine it could be known I was in Town yet.

Court. Sir *Oliver* did me the favour to make me a Visit, and dine with me to day, which brought me to the knowledge of this happiness, Madam; and as soon as I could possibly, I got the freedom to come hither and enjoy it.

La. Cock. You have ever been extream obliging, Sir.

Sent. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual he is to my directions! [*Aside.*

La. Cock. Will you be pleas'd to repose, Sir? *Sentry*, set some Chairs. [*Exit Sentry.*

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke out of my Company, and was forc'd by the Importunity of one Sir *Joslin Jolly*, I think they call him, to engage my Honour I would return again immediately.

La. Cock. You must not so soon rob me of so sweet a satisfaction.

Court. No consideration, Madam, could take me from you, but that I know my stay at this time must needs endanger your Honour; and how often I have deny'd my self the greatest satisfaction in the world, to keep that unblemished, you your self can witness.

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great tryals of your Generosity, in those many misfortunes that have attended our innocent affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive it, was got near that pitch of drunkenness, which makes him come reeling home, and unmanfully insult over your Ladiship; and how subject he is then to injure you with an unjust suspicion, you have often told me; which makes me careful not to be surpris'd here.

La. Cock. Repose your self a little, but a little, dear Sir: these vertuous Principles make you worthy to be trusted with a Ladies Honour: indeed Sir *Oliver* has his failings; yet I protest, Mr. *Courtall*, I love him dearly, but cannot be altogether unsensible of your generous passion.

Court. Ay, Ay, I am a very passionate Lover! [*Aside.* Indeed this escape has only given me leisure to look upon my happiness.

La. Cock. Is my Woman retir'd?

Court. Most dutifully, Madam.

La. Cock. Then let me tell you, Sir——yet we may make very good use of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in agen. [*Aside.*

La. Cock. If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent condition you speak of, to morrow he will be very submissive, as it is meet for so great a misdemeanour; then can I, feigning a desperate discontent, take my own freedom without the least suspicion.

Court. This is very luckily and obligingly thought on, Madam.

La. Cock. Now if you will be pleas'd to make an assignation, Sir.

Court. To morrow about ten a clock in the Lower walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which we can quickly pop into my Coach.

La. Cock. But I am still so pester'd with my Woman, I dare not go without her; on my conscience she's very sincere, but it is not good to trust our Reputations too much to the frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam, that will hold but two.

La. Cock. O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir! for by that means I shall have a just Excuse to give her leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay there till I call her.

Court. It grieves me much to leave you so soon, Madam; but I shall comfort my self with the thoughts of the happiness you have made me hope for.

La. Cock. I wish it were in my power eternally to oblige you, dear Sir.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

[*Exit* Courtall.

Sentry——why *Sentry*——where are you ?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here, Madam.

La. Cock. What a strange thing is this ! will you never take warning, but still be leaving me alone in these suspicious occasions ?

Sent. I was but in the next room, Madam.

La. Cock. What may Mr. *Courtall* think of my innocent intentions ? I protest if you serve me so agen, I shall be strangely angry : you should have more regard to your Lady's Honour.

Sent. If I stay in the room, she will not speak kindly to me in a week after ; and if I go out, she always chides me thus : this is a strange infirmity she has, but I must bear with it ; for on my conscience, custom has made it so natural, she cannot help it.

La. Cock. Are my Cousins come home yet ?

Sent. Not yet, Madam.

La. Cock. Do'st thou know whither they went this Evening ?

Sent. I heard them say they would go take the Air, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I see it is impossible with vertuous Counsel to reclaim them ; truly they are so careless of their own, I could wish Sir *Joslin* would remove 'em, for fear they should bring an unjust Imputation on my Honour.

Sent. Heavens forbid, Madam !

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Amb. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. How have you spent the cool of the Evening ?

Gat. As the custom is, Madam, breathing the fresh Air in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

La. Cock. Without the Company of a Relation, or some discreet body to justifie your reputations to the world—— you are young, and may be yet insensible of it; but this is a strange censorious Age, I assure you.

[*Noise of Musick without.*

Aria. Hark! what Musick's this?

Gat. I'le lay my life my Uncle's drunk, and hath pickt us up a couple of worthy Servants, and brought them home with him in Triumph.

Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver *strutting, and swaggering, Sir* Joslin *singing, and dancing, with Mr.* Courtall *and Mr.* Freeman *in each hand:* Gatty *and* Ariana *seeing* Courtall *and* Freeman *shriek and——* [*Exeunt.*

Sir Jos. Hey-day! I told you they were a couple of skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle at a man before; I'le fetch 'em agen I warrant you, Boys.

[*Exit after them.*

Free to Court. These are the very self-same Gowns and Petticoats.

Court. Their surprize confirms us it must be them.

Free. 'Slife, we have betray'd our selves very pleasantly.

Court. Now am I undone to all intents and purposes, for they will innocently discover all to my Lady, and she will have nō mercy.

Sir Oliv. Dan, Dan, Da ra, Dan, &c. [*Strutting.*

Avoid my presence, the very sight of that face makes me more impotent then an Eunuch.

La. Cock. Dear Sir *Oliver!* [*Offering to embrace him.*

Sir Oliv. Forbear your conjugal clippings, I will have a Wench, thou shalt fetch me a Wench, *Sentry.*

Sent. Can you be so inhumane to my dear Lady?

Sir Oliv. Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed for petty Treason; thy skin flay'd off, stuff'd and hung up in my Hall in the Country, as a Terrour to my whole Family.

Court. What Crime can deserve this horrid Punishment ?

Sir Oliv. I'le tell thee, *Ned* : 'twas my Fortune t'other day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's Wife in the Country, and this malitious Slut betray'd the very Ditch where we us'd to make our assignations, to my Lady.

Free. She deserves your anger indeed, Sir *Oliver* : but be not so unkind to your vertuous Lady.

Sir Oliv. Thou do'st not know her, *Franck* ; I have had a design to break her heart ever since the first month that I had her, and 'tis so tough, that I have not yet crack'd one string on't.

Court. You are too unmerciful, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. Hang her, *Ned,* by wicked Policy she would usurp my Empire, and in her heart is a very *Pharaoh* ; for every night she's a putting me upon making Brick without straw.

Court. I cannot see a vertuous Lady so afflicted, without offering her some consolation :
Dear Madam, is it not as I told you ? [*Aside to her.*

La. Cock. The Fates could not have been more propitious, and I shall not be wanting to the furthering of our mutual happiness. [*To* Court. *aside.*

Enter Sir Joslin, *with* Ariana *and* Gatty *in each hand, dancing and singing.*

CATCH.

This is sly and pretty,
And this is wild and witty :
If either stay'd
Till she dy'd a Maid,
I' faith 'twould be great pity.

Sir Jos. Here they are, Boys, i'faith, and now little *Joslin*'s a man of his word. Heuk ! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, Alou !

[*Flings 'em to* Courtall *and* Freeman, *who kiss their hands.*

What's yonder, your Lady in tears, Brother *Cockwood*? Come, come, I'le make up all breaches.

[*He sings——And we'll all be merry and frolick.*

Fy, fy, though man and wife are seldom in good humour alone, there are few want the discretion to dissemble it in Company.

[*Sir* Joslin, *Sir* Oliver, *and* Lady *stand talking together.*

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith I thought this Conjuring to be but a meer Jest till now, and could not believe the Astrological Rascal had been so skilful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how punctual he was in his directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjurer, Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies, the loss of our hearts was so considerable, that it may well excuse the indirect means we took to find out the pretty Thieves that stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what men of business these were, Sister?

Gat. I vow I innocently believ'd they had some pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon, and wish'd 'em so well, that I am sorry to find 'em so perfidious.

Free. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholding to Providence.

Gat. But we are more, Sister; for had we once been deluded into an opinion they had been faithful, who knows into what inconveniences that errour might have drawn us?

Court. Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies, to expect that from us, we should scarce have hop'd for from you? fy, fy, the keeping of ones word is a thing below the honour of a Gentleman.

Free. A poor shift! fit only to uphold the reputation of a paultry Citizen.

Sir Jos. Come, come, all will be well agen, I warrant you, Lady.

La. Cock. These are insupportable injuries, but I will bear 'em with an invincible patience, and to morrow make him dearly sensible how unworthy he has been.

Sir Jos. To morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will be another man——So, Boys, and how do you like the flesh and blood of the Jollies——Heuk, Sly-Girl——and Mad-cap, Hey——come, come, you have heard them exercise their tongues a while; now you shall see them ply their feet a little: this is a clean Limb'd wench, and has neither spavin, Splinter, nor Wind-gall; tune her a Jig, and play't roundly, you shall see her bounce it away like a nimble Frigot before a fresh gale——Hey, methinks I see her under Sail already. [Gat. *dances a Jig.*

Sir Jos. Hey my little Mad-cap——here's a Girl of the true breed of the *Jollies*, i'faith——But hark you, hark you, a Consultation, Gentlemen——Bear up, Brother *Cockwood*, a little: what think you, if we pack these idle Huswives to bed now, and retire into a room by our selves, and have a merry Catch, and a Bottle or two of the best, and perfect the good work we have so unanimously carry'd on to day?

Sir Oliv. A most admirable Intrigue——tan, dan, da, ra, dan; come, come, march to your several Quarters: go, we have sent for a civil person or two, and are resolv'd to fornicate in private.

La. Cock. This is a barbarous return of all my kindness.

Free. } Your humble Servant, Madam.
Cour. }

[*Ex. La.* Cock. *and* Sent.

Cour. Hark you! hark you! Ladys, do not harbour too ill an opinion of us, for faith, when you have had a little more experience of the world, you'le find we are no such abominable Rascals.

Gatty. We shall be so charitable to think no worse of you, than we do of all Mankind for your sakes, only that you are perjur'd, perfidious, inconstant, ingrateful.

Free. Nay, nay, that's enough in all conscience, Ladys, and now you are sensible what a shameful thing it is to break ones word, I hope you'le be more careful to keep yours to morrow.

Gatty. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid——

Cour. Nay, nay, it is too late for raillery, i'faith, Ladys.

Gatty. } *Aria.* } Well, your Servant then.

Free. } *Cour.* } Your Servant, Ladys.

Sir Oliv. Now the Enemy's march'd out——

Sir Josl. Then the Castle's our own, Boys——Hey.

And here and there I had her,
And every where I had her,
Her toy was such, that every touch
Would make a Lover madder.

Free. } *Cour.* } Hey brave Sir *Joslin!*

Sir Oliver. Ah my dear little witty *Joslin*, let me hug thee.

Sir Joslin. Strike up, you obstreperous Rascals, and march along before us. [*Exeunt Singing and Dancing.*

The end of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The New-Exchange.

Mrs. Trinckit *sitting in a Shop, people passing by as in the* Exchange.

Mrs. Trinc. WHat d'ye buy? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen? Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences; Ribbons, Gloves, and Essences?

Enter Mr. Courtall.

Mr. *Courtall!* I thought you had a quarrel to the Change, and were resolv'd we should never see you here again.

Cour. Your unkindness indeed, Mrs. *Trincket*, had been enough to make a man banish himself for ever.

[*Enter Mrs.* Gazet.

Trinc. Look you, yonder comes fine Mrs. *Gazet*; thither you intended your visit, I am sure.

Gaz. Mr. *Courtall*! your Servant.

Cour. Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazet.*

Gaz. This happiness was only meant to Mrs. *Trinckit*, had it not been my good Fortune to pass by, by chance, I should have lost my share on't.

Cour. This is too cruel, Mrs. *Gazet*, when all the unkindness is on your side, to rallie your Servant thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious absence of yours made me believe you intended to try an Experiment on my poor heart, to discover that hidden secret, how long a despairing Lover may languish without the sight of the party.

Cour. You are always very pleasant on this Subject, Mrs. *Gazet.*

Gaz. And have not you reason to be so too ?

Cour. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good news.

Cour. What good news ?

Gaz. How well this dissembling becomes you! But now I think better on't, it cannot concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than to have an amour last longer than an *Easter* Term with a Country Lady; and yet there are some I see as well in the Country as in the City, that have a pretty way of Huswifing a Lover, and can spin an intrigue out a great deal farther, than others are willing to do.

Cour. What pretty art have they, good Mrs. *Gazet ?*

Gaz. When Tradesmen see themselves in an ill condition, and are afraid of breaking, can they do better than to take in a good substantial Partner, to help to carry on their trading ?

Cour. Sure you have been at Riddle me, riddle me, lately, you are so wondrous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my Lady *Cockwood* is so haughty, she had rather give over the vanity of an intrigue, than take in a couple of young handsome Kinswomen to help to maintain it.

Cour. I knew it would out at last; indeed it is the principle of most good women that love Gaming, when they begin to grow a little out of play themselves, to make an interest in some young Gamester or other, in hopes to rook a favour now and then: but you are quite out in your policy, my Lady *Cockwood* is none of these, I assure you——

Heark you, Mrs. *Gazet*, you must needs bestir your self a little for me this morning, or else Heaven have mercy on a poor sinner.

Gaz. I hope this wicked woman has no design upon your body already: alas! I pity your tender conscience.

Cour. I have always made thee my Confident, and now I come to thee as to a faithful Councellour.

Gaz. State your Case.

Cour. Why, this ravenous Kite is upon wing already, is fetching a little compass, and will be here within this half hour to swoop me away.

Gaz. And you would have me your Scar-Crow?

Cour. Something of that there is in't; she is still your Customer.

Gaz. I have furnish'd her and the young Ladys with a few fashionable toyes since they came to Town, to keep 'um in countenance at a Play, or in the Park.

Cour. I would have thee go immediately to the young Ladies, and by some device or other intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came just now from taking measure of 'em for a couple of Handkerchiefs.

Cour. How unlucky's this!

Gaz. They were calling for their Hoods and Scarfs, and are coming hither to lay out a little Money in Ribbons and Essences: I have recommended them to Mrs. *Trinckits* Shop here.

Cour. This falls out more luckily than what I had contriv'd my self, or could have done; for here will they be busie just before the Door, where we have made our appointment: but if this long-wing'd Devil should chance to truss me before they come——

Gaz. I will only step up and give some directions to my Maid, about a little bus'ness that is in haste, and come down again and watch her; if you are snap'd, I'le be with you presently, and rescue you I warrant you, or at least stay you 'till more company come: she dares not force you away in my sight; she knows I am great with Sir *Oliver*, and as malitious a Devil as the best of 'em—— your Servant, Sir. [*Ex.* Gazet.

Enter Freeman.

Cour. Freeman! 'tis well you are come.

Free. Well! what Counter-plot? what hopes of disappointing the old, and of seeing the young Ladies? I am ready to receive your Orders.

Cour. Faith, things are not so well contriv'd as I could have wish'd 'em, and yet I hope by the help of Mrs. *Gazet* to keep my word, *Franck.*

Free. Nay, now I know what tool thou hast made choice of, I make no question but the bus'ness will go well forward; but I am afraid this last unlucky bus'ness has so distasted these young Trouts, they will not be so easily tickl'd as they might have been.

Cour. Never fear it; whatsoever women say, I am sure they seldom think the worse of a man, for running at all, 'tis a sign of youth and high mettal, and makes them rather piquee, who shall tame him: that which troubles me most, is, we lost the hopes of variety, and a single intrigue in Love is as dull as a single Plot in a Play, and will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does an Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without some under-plots in this Town; let this be our main design, and if we are any

thing fortunate in our contrivance, we shall make it a pleasant Comedy.

Cour. Leave all things to me, and hope the best: be gone, for I expect their coming immediately; walk a turn or two above, or fool a while with pretty Mrs. *Anvill*, and scent your Eye-brows and Perriwig with a little Essence of Oranges, or Jessimine; and when you see us all together at Mrs. *Gazets* Shop, put in as it were by chance: I protest yonder comes the old Haggard, to your Post quickly: 'sdeath, where's *Gazet* and these young Ladies now? [*Ex.* Free.

Enter Lady Cockwood, *and* Sentry.

O Madam, I have waited here at least an hour, and time seems very tedious, when it delays so great a happiness as you bring with you.

La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir *Oliver* his due correction for those unseemly injuries he did me last night. Is your Coach ready?

Cour. Yes, Madam: but how will you dispose of your Maid?

La. Cock. My Maid! for Heavens sake, what do you mean, Sir? do I ever use to go abroad without her?

Cour. 'Tis upon no design, Madam, I speak it, I assure you; but my Glass-Coach broke last night, and I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold but two.

La. Cock. O Heaven! you must excuse me, dear Sir, for I shall deny my self the sweetest recreations in the world, rather than yield to any thing that may bring a blemish upon my spotless Honour.

[*Enter* Gazet.

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam. Your Servant, Mr. *Courtall*;.

Lady and Cour. } Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazet.*

Gaz. I am extream glad to see your Ladiship here, I

intended to send my Maid to your Lodgings this Afternoon, Madam, to tell you I have a Parcel of new Lace come in, the prettiest Patterns that ever were seen; for I am very desirous so good a Customer as your Ladiship should see 'em first, and have your choice.

La. Cock. I am much beholding to you, Mrs. *Gazet*, I was newly come into the Exchange, and intended to call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty, Gazet *goes to 'em.*

Cour. 'Sdeath, here are your Cousins too! now there is no hope left for a poor unfortunate Lover to comfort himself withall.

La. Cock. Will Fate never be more propitious?

Aria. } Your Servant, Madam.
Gatty. }

La. Cock. I am newly come into the Exchange, and by chance met with Mr. *Courtall* here, who will needs give himself the trouble, to play the Gallant, and wait upon me.

Gatty. Does your Ladiship come to buy?

La. Cock. A few trifles; Mrs. *Gazet* says she has a Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look upon 'em?

Aria. We will only fancy a suit of Knots or two at this Shop, and buy a little Essence, and wait upon your Ladiship immediately.

Gatt. Mrs. *Gazet*, you are skill'd in the fashion, pray let our choice have your approbation.

Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but Courtall *and La.* Cockwood.

Cour. 'Sdeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony, but stept into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this mischief.

La. Cock. My over-tenderness of my honour, has blasted all my hopes of happiness.

Cour. To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height of all our expectation, leaves me no patience.

La. Cock. Moderate your passion a little, Sir, I may yet find out a way.

Cour. Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't now you have been seen with me; to leave 'em upon any pretence will be so suspitious, that my concern for your honour will make me so feverish and disordered, that I shal lose the taste of all the happiness you give me.

La. Cock. Methinks you are too scrupulous, heroick Sir.

Cour. Besides the concerns I have for you, Madam, you know the obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*, and what professions of friendship there are on both sides; and to be thought perfidious and ingrateful, what an affliction would that be to a generous spirit!

La. Cock. Must we then unfortunately part thus?

Cour. Now I have better thought on't, that is not absolutely necessary neither.

La. Cock. These words revive my dying joys, dear Sir, go on.

Cour. I will by and by, when I see it most convenient, beg the favour of your Ladiship, and your young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat and a Fiddle; you make some little difficulty at first, but upon earnest perswasion comply, and use your interest to make the young Ladys do so too: your company will secure their reputations, and their company take off from you all suspition.

La. Cock. The natural inclination they have to be jigging, will make them very ready to comply: but what advantage can this be to our happiness, dear Sir?

Cour. Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or Mrs. *Gazet*, have any doubts upon their surprizing us together, our joining company will clear 'em all; next, we shall have some satisfaction in being an afternoon together, though we enjoy not that full freedom we so passionately desire.

La. Cock. Very good, Sir.

Cour. But then lastly, Madam, we gain an opportunity

to contrive another appointment to morrow, which may restore us unto all those joys we have been so unfortunately disappointed of to day.

La. Cock. This is a very prevailing Argument indeed; but since Sir *Oliver* believes I have conceiv'd so desperate a sorrow, 'tis fit we should keep this from his knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies secret?

La. Cock. They have the good Principles not to betray themselves, I assure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a house that is not haunted by the Company, and we are secure, and now I think on't, the Bear in *Drury-lane* is the fittest place for our purpose.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir, and submit to your discretion——Have you gratifi'd your Fancies, Cousins? [*To them* Ariana, Gatty, *and* Gazet *from the Shop.*

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gat. I never saw colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they set off one another, and how they adde to the complexion!

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall,* your most humble Servant.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour to wait upon you and these young Ladies, till I see you in your Coach.

La. Cock. Your friendship to Sir *Oliver* would engage you in an unnecessary trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from your serious bus'ness, good Sir.

Gat. I should rather have expected to have seen you, Sir, walking in *Westminster-Hall,* watching to make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to dine with a Parliament-man, then to meet you in such an idle place as the Exchange is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well acquainted with me upon the first Visit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you know, Sir, in the Mulberry-Garden upon Oath.

Court. aside. 'Sdeath, what shall I do? Now out comes all my Roguery.

Gat. Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was some malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd himself, on purpose to make us have an ill opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some rash men would be apt enough to enquire him out, and cut his throat, Ladies, but I heartily forgive him whosoever he was; for on my conscience 'twas not so much out of malice to me, as out of love to you he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtall* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Mrs. *Gazet.*

La. Cock. Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy Fellow I warrant him; Mr. *Courtall* is known to be a Person of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam, and gave but very little credit to what he said.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe nothing to the disadvantage of a stranger——

What a couple of young Devils are these?

La. Cock. Since you are willing to give your self this trouble——

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but* Ariana *and* Gatty.

Aria. How he blush'd, and hung down his head!

Gat. A little more had put him as much out of countenance, as a Country Clown is when he ventures to complement his Attourny's Daughter. [*They follow.*

SCENE II.

Sir Oliver's *Dining-Room.*

Enter Sir Joslin *and* Servant *severally.*

Sir Jos. How now, old Boy! where's my Brother *Cockwood* to day?

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

Sir Jos. Why? what's the matter, man?

Serv. This is a day of Humiliation, Sir, with him for last nights transgression.

Sir Jos. I have bus'ness of consequence to impart to him, and must and will speak with him——So, ho! Brother *Cockwood!*

Sir Oliver without. Who's that, my brother *Jolly?*

Sir Jos. The same, the same, come away, Boy.

Sir Oliver without. For some secret reasons I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a design on foot as would draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it; therefore I say, come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entring in a Night-Gown and Slippers. } There is such a strange Temptation in thy voice, never stir.

Sir Jos. What, in thy Gown and Slippers yet! why, Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd Mr. *Rake-hell,* the little smart Gentleman I have often promis'd thee to make thee acquainted withal, to bring a whole Bevy of Damsels in Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's. Come, come, dress thee quickly, there's to be Madam *Rampant,* a Girl that shines, and will drink at such a rate, she's a Mistress for *Alexander,* were he alive agen.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out! *Thomas,* what Cloaths have I to put on?

Serv. None but your Penitential Suit, Sir, all the rest are secur'd.

Sir Oliv. Oh unspeakable misfortune! that I should be in disgrace with my Lady now!

Sir Jos. Come, come, never talk of Cloaths, put on any thing, thou hast a person and a mine will bear it out bravely.

Sir Oliv. Nay, I know my behaviour will show I am a Gentleman; but yet the Ladies will look scurvily upon me, Brother.

Sir Jos. That's a Jest i'faith! he that has *Terra firma* in the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

For he that would have a Wench kind,
Ne're smugs up himself like a Ninny;
But plainly tells her his mind,
And tickles her first with a Guinny.

Hay Boy——

Sir Oliv. I vow thou hast such a bewitching way with thee!

Sir Jos. How lovely will the Ladies look when they have a Beer-glass in their hands!

Sir Oliv. I now have a huge mind to venture; but if this should come to my Lady's knowledge!

Sir Jos. I have bespoke Dinner at the Bear, the privat'st place in Town: there will be no Spies to betray us, if *Thomas* be but secret, I dare warrant thee, Brother *Cockwood.*

Sir Oliv. I have always found *Thomas* very faithful; but faith 'tis too unkind, considering how tenderly my Lady loves me.

Sir Jos. Fy, fy, a man, and kept so much under correction by a Busk and a Fan!

Sir Oliv. Nay, I am in my Nature as valiant as any man, when once I set out; but i'faith I cannot but think how my dear Lady will be concern'd when she comes home and misses me.

Sir Jos. A Pox upon these Qualms.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou hast seduc'd me; but I shall look so untowardly.

Sir Jos. Again art thou at it? in, in, and make all the haste that may be, *Rake-hell* and the Ladies will be there before us else.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou art an errant Devil——hey——for the Lady's, Brother *Jolly*.

Sir Jos. Hey for the Lady's, Brother *Cockwood*.

[*Exit singing——For he that wou'd, &c.*

SCENE III. *The Bear.*

Without. Ho *Francis, Humphry,* show a Room there!

Enter Court. Free. *Lady* Cockwood, Aria. Gatty *and* Sentry.

Court. Pray, Madam, be not so full of apprehension; there is no fear that this should come to Sir *Oliver*'s knowledge.

La. Cock. I were ruin'd if it shou'd, Sir! Dear, how I tremble! I never was in one of these houses before.

Sent. This is a Bait for the young Ladies to swallow; she has been in most of the Eating-Houses about Town, to my knowledge. [*Aside.*

Court. Oh *Francis!*

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Your Worship's welcome, Sir; but I must needs desire you to walk into the next room, for this is bespoke.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall,* did not you say, this place was private?

Court. I warrant you, Madam. What Company dines here, *Francis?*

Wait. A couple of Country Knights, Sir *Joslin Jolly* and Sir *Oliver Cockwood,* very honest Gentlemen.

La. Cock. Combination to undo me!

Court. Peace, Madam, or you'l betray your self to the Waiter.

La. Cock. I am distracted! *Sentry*, did not I command thee to secure all Sir *Oliver*'s Cloaths, and leave nothing for him to put on, but his Penitential Suit, that I might be sure he could not stir abroad to day?

Sent. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but I have often told you this Sir *Joslin* is a wicked Seducer.

Aria. If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what will he think of us?

Gat. We come but to wait upon her Ladiship.

Free. You need not fear, you Chickens are secure under the wings of that old Hen.

Court. Is there to be no body, *Francis*, but Sir *Oliver* and Sir *Joslin?*

Wait. Faith, Sir, I was enjoyn'd secrecy; but you have an absolute power over me: coming lately out of the Country, where there is but little variety, they have a design to solace themselves with a fresh Girl or two, as I understand the business. [*Exit Waiter.*

La. Cock. Oh *Sentry*! Sir *Oliver* disloyal! My misfortunes come too thick upon me.

Court aside. Now is she afraid of being disappointed on all hands.

La. Cock. I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtall*, I would not be surpriz'd here my self, and yet I would prevent Sir *Oliver* from prosecuting his wicked and perfidious intentions.

Aria. Now shall we have admirable sport, what with her fear and jealousie.

Gat. I lay my life she routs the Wenches.

[*Enter Waiter.*

Wait. I must needs desire you to step into the next room; Sir *Joslin* and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

La. Cock. I have not power to move a foot.

Free. We will consider what is to be done within, Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come; I have a design in my head

which shall secure you, surprize Sir *Oliver*, and free you from all your fears.

La. Cock. It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it: *Francis*, you may owne Mr. *Freeman* and I are in the House, if they ask for us; but not a word of these Ladies, as you tender the wearing of your Ears. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Joslin, *Sir* Oliver, *and* Waiter.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, prithee be brisk.

Sir Oliv. I shall disgrace my self for ever, Brother.

Sir Jos. Pox upon care, never droop like a Cock in moulting time; thou art Spark enough in all conscience.

Sir Oliv. But my heart begins to fail me when I think of my Lady.

Sir Jos. What, more Qualms yet?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will be couragious: but it is not necessary these Strangers should know this is my Penitential Suit, Brother.

Sir Jos. They shall not, they shall not. Hark you old Boy, is the meat provided? is the Wine and Ice come? and are the melodious Rascals at hand I spoke for?

Wait. Every thing will be in a readiness, Sir.

Sir Jos. If Mr. *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full or two of Vizard-masks and silk Petticoats, call at the door, usher 'em up to the place of execution.

Wait. You shall be obey'd, Sir. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come! Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious Gentleman to your acquaintance; he is a Knight of the Industry, has many admirable qualities, I assure you.

Sir Oliv. I am very glad, Sir, of this opportunity to know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your Servant. Hark you, Sir *Joslin*, is this Sir *Oliver Cockwood* in earnest?

Sir Jos. In very good earnest I assure you; he is a little fantastical now and then, and dresses himself up in an odd fashion: but that's all one among Friends, my little *Rake-hell.*

Sir Oliv. Where are the Damsels you talk'd of, Brother *Jolly*? I hope Mr. *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the ran-counter.

Sir Jos. What, tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even so, and will be here immediately.

Sir Oliv. They need not make themselves so full of Temptation; my Brother *Jolly* and I can be wicked enough without it.

Sir Jos. The truth is, my little *Rake-hell*, we are both mighty men at Arms, and thou shalt see us charge anon to the terrour of the Ladies.

Rake. Methinks that Dress, Sir *Oliver*, is a little too rustical for a man of your capacity.

Sir Oliv. I have an odd humour, Sir, now and then; but I have wherewithal at home to be as spruce as any man.

Rake. Your Perriwig is too scandalous, Sir *Oliver*, your black Cap and Border is never wore but by a Fidler or a Waiter.

Sir Jos. Prithee, my little *Rake-hell*, do not put my Brother *Cockwood* out of conceit of himself; methinks your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and makes a man look both Polite and Politick.

Rake. I will allow you, 'tis a grave ware, and fit for men of bus'ness, that are every moment bending of their brows, and scratching of their heads, every Project would claw out another Perriwig; but a Lover had better appear before his Mistress with a bald Pate: 'twill make the Ladies apprehend a savour, stop their Noses, and avoid you:

'Slife, Love in a Cap is more ridiculous then Love in a Tub, or Love in a Pipkin.

Sir Oliv. I must confess your whole head is now in fashion; but there was a time when your Calot was not so despicable.

Rake. Here's a Perruque, Sir.

Sir Oliv. A very good one.

Rake. A very good one? 'tis the best in *England.* Pray, Sir *Joslin,* take him in your hand, and draw a Comb through him, there is not such another Frizz in *Europe.*

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Rake. Pray, Sir *Oliver,* do me the favour to grace it on your head a little.

Sir Oliv. To oblige you, Sir.

Rake. You never wore any thing became you half so well in all your life before.

Sir Jos. Why, you never saw him in your life before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible. Here's a Beaver, Sir *Oliver,* feel him; for fineness, substance, and for fashion, the Court of *France* never saw a better; I have bred him but a fortnight, and have him at command already. Clap him on boldly, never Hat took the fore-cock and the hind-cock at one motion so naturally.

Sir Oliv. I think you have a mind to make a Spark of me before I see the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the meen of a true Cavalier, and with one look may make a Lady kind, and a Hector humble: and since I nam'd a Hector, here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, sa, sa, try him, Sir *Joslin,* put him to't, cut through the staple, run him through the door, beat him to the Hilts, if he breaks, you shall have liberty to break my Pate, and pay me never a Groat of the ten for't.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very pretty Weapon indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true French-wrought, and doree by the best Workman in *France.* This Sword and this Castor, with an embroider'd Button and Loop, which I have

to vary him upon occasion, were sent me out of *France* for a Token by my elder Brother, that went over with a handsom Equipage, to take the pleasure of this Champagne.

Sir Oliv. Have you a mind to sell these things, Sir ?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman ; yet if a person of Honour or a particular friend, such as I esteem you, Sir *Oliver*, take at any time a fancy to a Band, a Cravat, a Velvet Coat, a Vest, a Ring, a Flajolet, or any other little Toy I have about me, I am good-natur'd, and may be easily perswaded to play the Fool upon good terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Jos. Worthy Mr. *Freeman !*

Sir Oliv. Honest *Frank*, how cam'st thou to find us out, man ?

Free. By meer chance, Sir ; *Ned Courtall* is without writing a Letter, and I came in to know whether you had any particular engagements, Gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. We resolv'd to be in private ; but you are men without exception.

Free. Methinks you intended to be in private indeed, Sir *Oliver*. 'Sdeath, what disguise have you got on ? Are you grown grave since last night, and come to sin *incognito?*

Sir Oliv. Hark you in your Ear, *Frank*, this is my habit of humiliation, which I always put on the next day after I have transgressed, the better to make my pacification with my incens'd Lady——

Free. Ha, ha, ha——

Rake. Mr. *Freeman*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Free. Oh my little dapper Officer ! are you here ?

Sir Jos. Ha, Mr. *Freeman*, we have bespoke all the jovial Entertainment that a merry Wag can wish for, good Meat, good Wine, and a wholesom Wench or two, for the digestion ; we shall have Madam *Rampant*, the

glory of the Town, the brightest she that shines, or else my little *Rake-hell* is not a man of his word, Sir.

Rake. I warrant you she comes, Sir *Joslin.*

Sir Joslin *sings.*

And if she comes, she shall not scape,
If twenty pounds will win her;
Her very Eye commits a Rape,
'Tis such a tempting sinner.

Enter Courtal.

Court. Well said, Sir *Joslin,* I see you hold up still, and bate not an Ace of your good humour.

Sir Jos. Noble Mr. *Courtall!*

Court. Bless me, Sir *Oliver,* what, are you going to act a Droll? how the people would throng about you, if you were but mounted on a few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

Sir Oliv. Hark you, *Ned,* this is the Badge of my Lady's indignation for my last night's offence; do not insult over a poor sober man in affliction.

Court. Come, come, send home for your Cloaths; I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not to learn at these years, how absolutely necessary a rich Vest and a Perruque are to a man that aims at their favours.

Sir Oliv. A Pox on't, *Ned,* my Lady's gone abroad in a damn'd jealous melancholy humour, and has commanded her Woman to secure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir Oliv. Ay, Ay, man, 'tis usual in these cases, out of pure Love in hopes to reclaim me, and to keep me from doing my self an injury by drinking two days together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir Oliv. There are Sots that would think themselves

happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true bred Gentleman all lawful solace is abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Industry, I am glad to see you in such good Company.

Free. Courtall, hark you, are the Masking-habits which you sent to borrow at the Play-house come yet?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd: this design will adde much to our mirth, and give us the benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick for our Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir Oliv. Hark, the Musick comes. [*Musick.*

Sir Jos. Hey, Boys——let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An't please your Worships, there is a Mask of Ladies without, that desire to have the freedom to come in and dance.

Sir Jos. Hey! Boys——

Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come 'en Masquerade, Mr. *Rake-hell?*

Rake. No; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench, she was half a dozen times a mumming in private Company last *Shrovetide*, and I lay my life she has put 'em all upon this Frolick.

Court. They are mettled Girls, I warrant them, Sir *Joslin*, let 'em be what they will.

Sir Jos. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys——

Enter Musick and the Ladies in an Antick, and then they take out, my Lady Cockwood *Sir* Oliver, *the young Ladies* Courtal *and* Freeman, *and* Sentry *Sir* Joslin, *and dance a set Dance.*

Sir Oliv. Oh my little Rogue! have I got thee? How I will turn and winde, and fegue thy body!

Sir Jos. Mettle on all sides, mettle on all sides, i'faith;

how swimmingly would this pretty little ambling Filly carry a man of my body!

Sings.

She's so bonny and brisk,
How she'd curvet and frisk,
If a man were once mounted upon her!
Let me have but a leap
Where 'tis wholesom and cheap,
And a fig for your Person of Honour.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis true, little *Joslin*, i'faith.

Court. They have warm'd us, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Now am I as rampant as a Lyon, *Ned*, and could love as vigorously as a Sea-man that is newly landed after an *East-India* Voyage.

Court. Take my advice, Sir *Oliver*, do not in your rage deprive your self of your only hope of an accommodation with your lady.

Sir Oliv. I had rather have a perpetual civil War, then purchase Peace at such a dishonourable rate. A poor Fidler, after he has been three days persecuted at a Country-wedding, takes more delight in scraping upon his old squeeking Fiddle, then I do in fumbling on that domestick Instrument of mine.

Court. Be not so bitter, Sir *Oliver*, on your own dear Lady.

Sir Oliv. I was married to her when I was young, *Ned*, with a design to be baulk'd, as they tye Whelps to the Bell-weather; where I have been so butted, 'twere enough to fright me, were I not pure mettle, from ever running at sheep again.

Court. That's no sure rule, Sir *Oliver*; for a Wife's a dish, of which if a man once surfeit, he shall have a better stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a shape is here, *Ned*! so exact and tempting, 'twould perswade a man to be an implicite sinner, and take her face upon credit.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em to lay aside these masking Fopperies, and then we'll fegue 'em in earnest: give us a Bottle, Waiter.

Free. Not before Dinner, good Sir *Joslin*——

Sir Oliv. Lady, though I have out of Drollery put my self into this contemptible Dress at present, I am a Gentleman, and a man of Courage, as you shall find anon by my brisk behaviour.

Rake. Sir *Joslin*! Sir *Oliver*! these are none of our Ladies, they are just come to the door in a Coach, and have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir Jos. Hey —— Boys, more Game, more Game! Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir Oliv. Why, what a day of Sport will here be, *Ned?*

[*Exit* Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. They shall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir Oliv. And we will match our selves, and make a Prize on't, *Ned Courtall* and I, against *Frank Freeman* and you, Brother *Jolly*, and *Rake-hell* shall be Judge, for Gloves and silk Stockings, to be bestow'd as the Conquerour shall fancy.

Sir Jos. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. Free. A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey, Boys! { *Lady* Cockwood *counterfeits a fit.*

Sentry pulling off her Mask. O Heavens! my dear Lady! Help, help!

Sir Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady! 'Sdeath, what a condition am I in now, Brother *Jolly*! You have brought me into this Premunire: for Heavens sake run down quickly, and send the Rogue and Whores away. Help, help! oh help! dear Madam, sweet Lady!

[*Ex. Sir* Joslin, *Sir* Oliver *kneels down by her.*

Sent. Oh she's gone, she's gone!

Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a glass of cold Water, *Freeman.*

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam speak, sweet Madam speak.

Sent. Out upon thee for a vile Hypocrite! thou art the wicked Author of all this; who but such a reprobate, such an obdurate sinner as thou art, could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady?

Sir Oliv. Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy words, but stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here dye a Sacrifice at her feet, for all my disloyal actions.

Sent. No, live, live, to be a reproach and a shame to all rebellious Husbands; ah, that she had but my Heart! but thou hast bewitch'd her affections; thou shouldst then dearly smart for this abominable Treason.

Gat. So, now she begins to come to her self.

Aria. Set her more upright, and bend her a little forward.

La. Cock. Unfortunate Woman! let me go, why do you hold me? wou'd I had a Dagger at my Heart, to punish it for loving that ungrateful Man.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, were I but worthy of your pity and belief!

La. Cock. Peace, peace, perfidious man, I am too tame and foolish——were I every day at the Plays, the Park, and Mulberry-Garden, with a kind look secretly to indulge the unlawful passion of some young Gallant; or did I associate myself with the gaming Madams, and were every afternoon at my Lady *Briefes* and my Lady *Meanwells* at *Umbre* and *Quebas*, pretending ill luck to borrow money of a Friend, and then pretending good luck to excuse the plenty to a Husband, my suspicious demeanour had deserv'd this; but I who out of a scrupulous tenderness to my Honour, and to comply with thy base Jealousie, have deny'd my self all those blameless Recreations, which a vertuous Lady might enjoy, to be thus inhumanely

revil'd in my own person, and thus unreasonably rob'd and abus'd in thine too!

Court. Sure she will take up anon, or crack her mind, or else the Devil's in't.

La. Cock. Do not stay and torment me with thy sight; go, graceless Wretch, follow thy treacherous resolutions, do, and waste that poor stock of comfort which I should have at home, upon those your ravenous Cormorants below: I feel my passion begin to swell again.

[*She has a little fit agen.*

Court. Now will she get an absolute dominion over him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

Sir Oliv. running up and down. *Ned Courtall, Frank Freeman,* Cousin *Ariana,* and dear Cousin *Gatty,* for Heavens sake joyn all, and moderate her passion ——Ah *Sentry*! forbear thy unjust reproaches, take pity on thy Master! thou hast a great influence over her, and I have always been mindful of thy favours.

Sent. You do not deserve the least compassion, nor wou'd I speak a good word for you, but that I know for all this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady. Dear Madam, do but look up a little, Sir *Oliver* lyes at your feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

Gat. I dare say he counterfeited his sin, and is real in his Repentance.

Court. Compose your self a little, pray, Madam; all this was meer Raillery, a way of talk, which Sir *Oliver* being well bred, has learned among the gay people of the Town.

Free. If you did but know, Madam, what an odious thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good Company, you wou'd easily forgive him.

La. Cock. No, no, 'twas the mild correction which I gave him for his insolent behaviour last night, that has encourag'd him agen thus to insult over my affections.

Court. Come, come, Sir *Oliver*, out with your Bosom-

secret, and clear all things to your Lady; is it not as we have said?

Sir Oliv. Or may I never have the happiness to be in her good grace agen; and as for the Harlots, dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtall* and *Frank Freeman*, that have often seen me in company of the wicked; let 'em speak, if they ever knew me tempted to a disloyal action in their Lives.

Court. On my conscience, Madam, I may more safely swear, that Sir *Oliver* has been constant to your Ladiship, then that a Girl of twelve years old has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

Enter Sir Joslin.

Sir Oliv. Here's my Brother *Jolly* too can witness the loyalty of my Heart, and that I did not intend any treasonable practice against your Ladiship in the least.

Sir Jos. Unless feguing 'em with a Beer-glass be included in the Statute. Come, Mr. *Courtall*, to satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little good humour, let us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was made by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cockwood* and me.

They sing.

Love and Wenching are Toys,
Fit to please beardless Boys,
Th'are sports we hate worse then a Leaguer;
When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we kiss,
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.

Sir Jos. Come, come, Madam, let all things be forgot; Dinner is ready, the Cloath is laid in the next Room, let us in and be merry; there was no harm meant as I am true little *Joslin.*

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with him, though he plays the naughty man thus; but why, my Dear, wou'd y' expose your self in this ridiculous habit, to the censure of both our Honours?

Sir Oliv. Indeed I was to blame to be over-perswaded; I intended dutifully to retire into the Pantry, and there civilly to divert my self at Back-Gammon with the Butler.

Sir Jos. Faith, I must ev'n owne, the fault was mine, I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir Oliv. How the Devil, *Ned*, came they to find us out here!

Court. No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous Woman.

Sir Oliv. I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful: prithee, *Ned*, speak to my Lady, that there may be a perfect understanding between us, and that *Sentry* may be sent home for my Cloaths, that I may no longer wear the marks of her displeasure.

Court. Let me alone, Sir *Oliver*.

[*He goes to my Lady* Cockwood.

How do you find your self, Madam, after this violent Passion?

La. Cock. This has been a lucky adventure, Mr. *Courtall*; now am I absolute Mistress of my own conduct for a time.

Court. Then shall I be a happy man, Madam:
I knew this wou'd be the consequence of all, and yet could not I forbear the project.

Sir Oliv. How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-hell* and the Lady's, Brother? [*To Sir* Joslin.

Sir Jos. I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a clock at the new Spring-Garden.

Sir Oliv. Then will we yet, in spight of the Stars that have cross'd us, be in Conjunction with Madam *Rampant*, Brother.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir Jos. Ha! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, I'le enter you,

i'faith; since you have found the way to the Bear, I'le fegue you.

Sings.

When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we kiss;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.

[*Exeunt singing.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. A Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servants Love, this faithless and inconstant Age: his amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to day, though he pretends it was to blind Sir *Oliver*, I fear will prove a certain sign of his revolted Heart; the Letters I have counterfeited in these Girls Name will clear all; if he accept of that appointment, and refuses mine, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters and message been deliver'd, as I directed?

Sent. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be found at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter first with the Letter to Mr. *Courtall*, who was at the Kings-house, he sent for him out by the Door-keeper, and deliver'd it into his own hands.

La. Cock. Did you keep on your Vizard, that the Fellow might not know how to describe you ?

Sent. I did, Madam.

La. Cock. And how did he receive it ?

Sent. Like a Traytor to all goodness, with all the signs of Joy imaginable.

La. Cock. Be not angry, *Sentry*, 'tis as my heart wisht it : what did you do with the Letter to Mr. *Freeman* ? for I thought fit to deceive 'em both, to make my Policy less suspicious to *Courtall*.

Sent. The Porter found him at the Dukes-house, Madam, and deliver'd it with like care.

La. Cock. Very well.

Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam, I went my self to the Play-house, and sent in for Mr. *Courtall*, who came out to me immediately ; I told him your Ladiship presented your humble service to him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going into the City with Sir *Joslin*, to visit his Brother *Cockwood*, and that it wou'd add much more to your Ladiships happiness, if he wou'd be pleas'd to meet you in *Grayes-Inn*-walks this lovely evening.

La. Cock. And how did he entertain the motion ?

Sent. Bless me ! I tremble still to think upon it ! I cou'd not have imagin'd he had been so wicked ; he counterfeited the greatest passion, railed at his Fate, and swore a thousand horrid Oaths, that since he came into the Play-house he had notice of a business that concerned both his Honour and Fortune ; and that he was an undone man, if he did not go about it presently ; pray'd me to desire your Ladiship to excuse him this Evening, and that to morrow he wou'd be wholly at your devotion.

La. Cock. Ha, ha, ha ! he little thinks how much he has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding him with his ingratitude to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Poor *Sentry* ! be not concern'd for me, I have

conquer'd my affection, and thou shalt find it is not Jealousie has been my Councellour in this. Go, let our Hoods and Masks be ready, that I may surprize *Courtall*, and make the best advantage of this lucky opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam. [*Exit* Sentry.

La. Cock. How am I fill'd with indignation! To find my person and my passion both despis'd, and what is more, so much precious time fool'd away in fruitless expectation: I wou'd poyson my face, so I might be reveng'd on this ingrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. My Dearest!

La. Cock. My Dearest Dear! prithee do not go into the City to night.

Sir Oliv. My Brother *Jolly* is gone before, and I am to call him at Councellour *Trott*'s Chamber in the *Temple*.

La. Cock. Well, if you did but know the fear I have upon me when you are absent, you would not seek occasions to be from me thus.

Sir Oliv. Let me comfort thee with a kiss; what should'st thou be afraid of?

La. Cock. I cannot but believe that every Woman that sees thee must be in love with thee, as I am; do not blame my Jealousie.

Sir Oliv. I protest I wou'd refuse a Countess rather then abuse thee, poor Heart.

La. Cock. And then you are so desperate upon the least occasion, I shou'd have acquainted you else with something that concerns your Honour.

Sir Oliv. My Honour! you ought in Duty to do it.

La. Cock. Nay, I knew how passionate you wou'd be presently; therefore you shall never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shall suspect every one I look upon; I will kill a Common Councel-man or two before I come back, if you do not tell me.

La. Cock. Dear, how I tremble! will you promise me you will not quarrel then? if you tender my life and happiness, I am sure you will not.

Sir Oliv. I will bear any thing rather then be an Enemy to thy quiet, my Dear.

La. Cock. I cou'd wish Mr. *Courtall* a man of better principles, because I know you love him, my Dear.

Sir Oliv. Why, what has he done?

La. Cock. I always treated him with great respects, out of my regard to your friendship; but he, like an impudent man as he is, to day misconstruing my Civility, in most unseemly language, made a foul attempt upon my Honour.

Sir Oliv. Death, and Hell, and Furies, I will have my Pumps, and long Sword!

La. Cock. Oh, I shall faint! did not you promise me you wou'd not be so rash?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will not kill him, for fear of murdering thee, my Dear.

La. Cock. You may decline your friendship, and by your coldness give him no incouragement to visit our Family.

Sir Oliv. I think thy advice the best for this once indeed; for it is not fit to publish such a bus'ness: but if he shou'd be ever tempting or attempting, let me know it, prithee, my Dear.

La. Cock. If you moderate your self according to my directions now, I shall never conceal any thing from you, that may increase your just opinion of my conjugal fidelity.

Sir Oliv. Was ever man bless'd with such a vertuous Lady! yet cannot I forbear going a ranging agen. Now must I to the Spring-Garden to meet my Brother *Jolly* and Madam *Rampant*. [*Aside.*

La. Cock. Prithee, be so good to think how melancholy I spend my time here; for I have joy in no

Company but thine, and let that bring thee home a little sooner.

Sir Oliv. Thou hast been so kind in this discovery, that I am loth to leave thee.

La. Cock. I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

Sir Oliv. Ay, that's it: farewel, my vertuous Dear.

[*Exit Sir* Oliver.

La. Cock. Farewel, my Dearest Dear. I know he has not courage enough to question *Courtall*; but this will make him hate him, encrease his confidence of me, and justifie my banishing that false Fellow our house; it is not fit a man that has abus'd my Love, shou'd come hither, and pry into my actions: besides, this will make his access more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty *with their Hoods and Masks.*

Whither are you going, Cousins?

Gat. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for Variety, to walk a turn or two in the new Spring-Garden.

La. Cock. I heard you were gone abroad with Mr. *Courtall* and Mr. *Freeman.*

Gat. For Heaven's sake, why shou'd your Ladiship have such an ill opinion of us?

La. Cock. The truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd it meerly the vanity of that prating man; Mr. *Courtall* told Mrs. *Gazet* this morning, that you were so well acquainted already, that you wou'd meet him and Mr. *Freeman* any where, and that you had promis'd 'em to receive and make appointment by Letters.

Gat. Oh impudent man!

Aria. Now you see the consequence, Sister, of our rambling; they have rais'd this false story from our innocent fooling with 'em in the Mulberry-Garden last night.

Gat. I cou'd almost foreswear ever speaking to a man agen.

La. Cock. Was Mr. *Courtall* in the Mulberry-Garden last night ?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. Cock. And did he speak to you ?

Gat. There pass'd a little harmless Raillery betwixt us ; but you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any man could be thus unworthy.

La. Cock. He has quite lost my good opinion too : in Duty to Sir *Oliver,* I have hitherto show'd him some countenance ; but I shall hate him hereafter for your sakes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Cousins.

Gat. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladiship for this timely notice.

Aria. Gat. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex.* Ariana *and* Gatty.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins——in the Mulberry-Garden last night ! when I sat languishing, and vainly expecting him at home : this has incens'd me so, that I could kill him. I am glad these Girls are gone to the Spring-Garden, it helps my design ; the Letters I have counterfeited, have appointed *Courtall* and *Freeman* to meet them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm all I have said : I will daily poyson these Girls with such lyes as shall make their quarrel to *Courtall* irreconcileable, and render *Freeman* only suspected ; for I wou'd not have him thought equally guilty : he secretly began to make an address to me at the Bear, and this breach shall give him an opportunity to pursue it.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here are your things, Madam.

La. Cock. That's well : Oh *Sentry* ! I shall once more be

happy; for now Mr. *Courtall* has given me an occasion, that I may without ingratitude check his unlawful passion, and free my self from the trouble of an Intrigue, that gives me every day such fearful apprehensions of my honour.

[*Ex. La.* Cock. *and* Sentry.

SCENE II.

New Spring-Garden.

Enter Sir Joslin, Rake-hell, *and* Waiter.

Wait. Will you be pleas'd to walk into an Arbour, Gentlemen?

Sir Jos. By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir Jos. Nay, he will not fail I warrant thee, Boy; but what's the matter with thy Nose, my little *Rake-hell?*

Rake. A foolish accident; jesting at the *Fleece* this afternoon, I mistook my man a little; a dull Rogue that could not understand Raillery, made a sudden Repertee with a Quart-pot, Sir *Joslin.*

Sir Jos. Why didst not thou stick him to the wall, my little *Rake-hell?*

Rake. The truth is, Sir *Joslin,* he deserv'd it; but look you, in case of a doubtful wound, I am unwilling to give my friends too often the trouble to bail me; and if it shou'd be mortal, you know a younger Brother has not wherewithal to rebate the edge of a Witness, and mollifie the hearts of a Jury.

Sir Jos. This is very prudently consider'd indeed.

Rake. 'Tis time to be wise, Sir; my Courage has almost run me out of a considerable Annuity. When I liv'd first about this Town, I agreed with a Surgeon for twenty pounds a Quarter to cure me of all the Knocks, Bruises,

and green Wounds I shou'd receive, and in one half year the poor Fellow beg'd me to be releas'd of his bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him else in Lint and Balsom.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Jos. Ho! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come——

Sir Oliv. I, Brother *Jolly*, I have kept my word, you see; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my Lady, I have had such a proof of her Vertue, I will tell thee all anon. But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of the Ladies, Mr. *Rake-hell?*

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon, they were unwilling any more to set a certainty at hazard: 'tis Term-time, and they have severally betook themselves, some to their Chamber-practice, and others to the Places of Publick Pleading.

Sir Oliv. Faith, Brother *Jolly*, let us ev'n go into an Arbour, and then fegue Mr. *Rake-hell.*

Sir Jos. With all my heart, wou'd we had Madam *Rampant.*

Sings.

She's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a foolish Punctilio;
She'l not start from her place,
Though thou nam'st a black Ace,
And will drink a Beer-glass to Spudilio.

Hey, Boys! Come, come, come! let's in, and delay our sport no longer.

Exit singing, She'l not start from her, &c.

Enter Courtall *and* Freeman *severally.*

Court. Freeman!

Free. Courtall, what the Devil's the matter with thee?

I have observ'd thee prying up and down the Walks like a Citizen's Wife that has dropt her Holy-day Pocket-handkercher.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither ?

Free. I believe a better natur'd Devil then yours, *Courtall*, if a Leveret be better meat then an old Puss, that has been cours'd by most of the young Fellows of her country : I am not working my brain for a Counter-plot, a disappointment is not my bus'ness.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman* : prithee be gone, and leave me the Garden to my self, or I shall grow as testy as an old Fowler that is put by his shoot, after he has crept half a mile upon his belly.

Free. Prithee be thou gone, or I shall take it as unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st kick down his Limbeck in the very minute that he look'd for projection.

Court. Come, come, you must yield, *Freeman*, your bus'ness cannot be of such consequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadst a bus'ness of such consequence in thy life as mine is, I will condescend to be made incapable of affairs presently.

Court. Why, I have an appointment made me, man, without my seeking, by a Woman for whom I wou'd have mortgag'd my whole estate to have had her abroad but to break a Cheese-cake.

Free. And I have an appointment made me without my seeking too, by such a she, that I will break the whole ten Commandments, rather then disappoint her of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jest, *Freeman*, a forsaken mistress cou'd not be more malicious then thou art : prithee be gone.

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

Court. 'Sdeath ! the sight of thee will scare my Woman for ever.

Free. 'Sdeath! the sight of thee will make my Woman believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling till we are both undone, and I know not how to help it.

Free. Let us proceed honestly like Friends, discover the truth of things to one another, and if we cannot reconcile our bus'ness, we will draw Cuts, and part fairly.

Court. I do not like that way; for talk is only allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and shou'd never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour, for fear of frighting a young Lady from her good intentions——yet I care not, though I read the Letter, but I will conceal the name.

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content to do the same.

Court. reads. Sir, in sending you this Letter, I proceed against the modesty of our Sex——

Free. 'Sdeath, this begins just like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then——

Free. reads. But let not the good opinion I have conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your censuring of me——

Court. Word for word.

Free. Now do you read agen.

Court. reads. If you give your self the trouble to be walking in the new Spring-Garden this Evening, I will meet you there, and tell you a secret, which I have reason to fear, because it comes to your knowledge by my means, will make you hate your humble Servant.

Free. Verbatim my Letter, Hey-day!

Court. Prithee lets compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'em.*

Free. 'Sdeath, the Hand's the same.

Court. I hope the Name is not the same too——

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd; prithee do thou show first, *Freeman.*

Free. No——but both together, if you will.

Court. Agreed.

Free. Ariana.

Court. Gatty——Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are masculine in their proceedings, and have made one another Confidents in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether so well, *Frank*; I wish they had appointed us several places: for though 'tis evident they have trusted one another with the bargain, no Woman ever seals before Witness.

Free. Prithee how didst thou escape the snares of the old Devil this afternoon?

Court. With much ado; *Sentry* had set me; if her Ladiship had got me into her clutches, there had been no getting off without a Rescue, or paying down the money; for she always arrests upon Execution.

Free. You made a handsom lye to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know she's angry; for she thinks nothing a just Excuse in these cases, though it were to save the forfeit of a man's Estate, or reprieve the life of her own natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like a Gentleman with her; thou should'st fast thyself up to a stomach now and then, to oblige her; if there were nothing in it, but the hearty welcome, methinks 'twere enough to make thee bear sometimes with the homeliness of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp, where there were no other Woman; but I shall hardly in this Town, where there is such plenty, forbear good meat, to get my self an appetite to Horse-flesh.

Free. This is rather an aversion in thee, then any real fault in the Woman; if this lucky bus'ness had not fallen out, I intended with your good leave to have out-bid you for her Ladiships favour.

Court. I should never have consented to that, *Frank*; though I am a little resty at present, I am not such a

Jade, but I should strain if another rid against me; I have e're now lik'd nothing in a Woman that I have lov'd at last in spight only, because another had a mind to her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping towards us.

Court. 'Tis they, i'faith.

Free. We need not divide, since they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd Letters, they had put a trick upon us; but now I am confirm'd they are mighty honest.

Enter Ariana *and* Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gat. Let us dissemble our knowledge of their bus'ness a little, and then take 'em down in the height of their assurance.

Court. Free. Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen, to walk without you, as without our shadows; never were poor Women so haunted by the Ghosts of their self-murdered Lovers.

Gat. If it should be our good Fortunes to have you in Love with us, we will take care you shall not grow desperate, and leave the world in an ill humour.

Aria. If you shou'd, certainly your Ghosts would be very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you should have your Curtains drawn in the dead of the night, and your pleasing slumbers interrupted by any thing but flesh and blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a turn?

Aria. By your selves, if you please.

Gat. Our Company may put a constraint upon you; for I find you daily hover about these Gardens, as a Kite does about a back-side, watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

Aria. Wo be to the Daughter or Wife of some Merchant-

Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now; for you seldom row to *Fox-hall* without some such Plot against the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies, our bus'ness has happily succeeded, since we have the honour to wait upon you.

Gat. You could not expect to see us here.

Court. Your true Lover, Madam, when he misses his Mistress, is as restless as a Spaniel that has lost his Master; he ranges up and down the plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and never stays long, but where he has the happiness to see her.

Gat. I suppose your Mistress, Mr. *Courtall*, is always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that false measure of my acquaintance, which Poets have of their Verses, always to think the last best, though I esteem you so, in justice to your merit.

Gat. Or if you do not love her best, you always love to talk of her most; as a barren Coxcomb that wants discourse, is ever entertaining Company out of the last Book he read in.

Court. Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam; who the Devil, that has common sense, will go a birding with a Clack in his Cap?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame you, Gentlemen, every one in their way; a Huntsman talks of his Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jocky of his Horse, and a Gallant of his Mistress.

Gat. Without the allowance of this Vanity, an Amour would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot believe you think us men of such abominable principles.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful to boast of the favours of a Mistress, as to deny the Courtesies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his life in the field to serve me, deserves but equally with a Mistress that

kindly exposes her Honour to oblige me, especially when she does it as generously too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I would no more betray the Honour of such a Woman, then I would the life of a man that shou'd rob on purpose to supply me.

Gat. We believe you men of Honour, and know it is below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

Aria. You are so generous, you seldom insult after a Victory.

Gat. And so vain, that you always triumph before it.

Court. 'Sdeath! what's the meaning of all this?

Gat. Though you find us so kind, Mr. *Courtall*, pray do not tell Mrs. *Gazet* to morrow, that we came hither on purpose this Evening to meet you.

Court. I wou'd as soon print it, and fee a Fellow to post it up with the Play-bills.

Gat. You have repos'd a great deal of confidence in her, for all you pretend this ill opinion of her secrecy now.

Court. I never trusted her with the name of a Mistress, that I should be jealous of, if I saw her receive fruit, and go out of the Play-house with a Stranger.

Gat. For ought as I see, we are infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so much goodness, Madam.

Gat. What goodness, pray, Sir?

Court. Come, come, give over this Raillery.

Gat. You are so ridiculously unworthy, that 'twere a folly to reprove you with a serious look.

Court. On my conscience, your heart begins to fail you now we are coming to the point, as a young Fellow's that was never in the field before.

Gat. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your self sent the challenge, you must not in Honour flye off now.

Gat. Challenge! Oh Heavens! this confirms all: were

I a man, I would kill thee for the injuries thou hast already done me.

Free. to Aria. Let not your suspicion of my unkindness make you thus scrupulous ; was ever City ill treated, that surrendred without Assault or Summons ?

Aria. Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us hither ? I never met with so much impudence in my life.

Court. aside. Hey Jilts ! they are as good at it already, as the old one i'faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your wit enough; you wou'd not venture Letters of such consequence for a jest only.

Gat. Letters ! bless me, what will this come to ?

Court. To that none of us shall have cause to repent, I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flye 'em, Sister, they are Devils, and not men, they could never be so malicious else.

Enter Lady Cockwood *and* Sentry.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Court. starting. Ho ! my Lady *Cockwood* ! my ears are grown an inch already.

Aria. My Lady ! she'll think this an appointment, Sister.

Free. This is Madam *Matchiavil*, I suspect, *Courtall.*

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtless : now am I as much out of countenance, as I should be if Sir *Oliver* should take me making bold with her Ladiship.

La. Cock. Do not let me discompose you, I can walk alone, Cousins.

Gat. Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think we have any business with 'em ?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet 'em here, and nothing could be so lucky as your coming, Madam, to free us from 'em.

Gat. They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. Cock. Never trouble your selves, Cousins, I have heard this is a common practice with such unworthy men: did they not threaten to divulge them, and defame you to the World?

Gat. We cannot believe they intend any thing less, Madam.

La. Cock. Doubtless, they had such a mean opinion of your Wit and Honour, that they thought to fright you to a base compliance with their wicked purposes.

Aria. I hate the very sight of 'em.

Gat. I could almost wish my self a disease, to breathe infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty! we have carried on our designs very luckily against these young Ladies.

Free. We have lost their good opinion for ever.

La. Cock. I know not whether their folly or their impudence be greater, they are not worth your anger, they are only fit to be laught at, and despis'd.

Court. A very fine old Devil this!

La. Cock. Mr. *Freeman*, this is not like a Gentleman, to affront a couple of young Ladies thus; but I cannot blame you so much, you are in a manner a stranger to our Family: but I wonder how that base man can look me in the face, considering how civilly he has been treated at our house.

Court. The truth is, Madam, I am a Rascal; but I fear you have contributed to the making me so: be not as unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor sinner.

Sent. Did you ever see the like? never trust me, if he has not the confidence to make my vertuous Lady accessary to his wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay *Sentry*! 'tis a miracle if my Honour escapes, considering the access which his greatness with Sir *Oliver* has given him daily to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not counterfeit these Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the King's Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may see if you know the Hand.

La. Cock. Sentry, are you sure they never saw any of your Writing ?

Court. 'Sdeath ! I am so discompos'd, I know not where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam ! now I remember my self, Mrs. *Gatty* help'd me once to indite a Letter to my Sweet-heart.

La. Cock. Forgetful Wench ! then I am undone.

Court. Oh here it is——Hey, who's here ?

[*As he has the Letter in hand, enter Sir* Joslin, *Sir* Oliver, *and* Rake-hell, *all drunk, with Musick.*

They sing.

She's no Mistress of mine
That drinks not her Wine,
Or frowns at my friends drinking motions ;
If my Heart thou would'st gain,
Drink thy Bottle of Champaigne.
'Twill serve thee for Paint and Love-potions.

Sir Oliv. Who's here ? *Courtall*, in my Lady's company ! I'le dispatch him presently ; help me, Brother *Jolly*.

[*He draws.*

La. Cock. For Heavens sake, Sir *Oliver !*

Courtall drawing. What do you mean, Sir ?

Sir Oliv. I'le teach you more manners, then to make your attempts on my Lady, Sir.

La. Cock. & Sent. Oh ! Murder ! Murder !

[*They shriek.*

La. Cock. Save my dear Sir *Oliver*, Oh my dear Sir *Oliver !*

[*The young Ladies shriek and run out, they all draw to part 'em, they fight off the Stage, she shrieks and runs out.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Oliver's *Dining-Room.*

Enter Lady Cockwood. *Table, and Carpet.*

La. Cock. I Did not think he had been so desperate in his Drink; if they had kill'd one another, I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my fears—— [*Enter* Sentry.

Sentry, your carelessness and forgetfulness some time or other will undo me; had not Sir *Oliver* and Sir *Joslin* came so luckily into the Garden, the Letters had been discover'd, and my Honour left to the mercy of a false man, and two young fleering Girls: did you speak to Mr. *Freeman* unperceiv'd in the Hurry?

Sent. I did, Madam, and he promis'd me to disengage himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait upon your Ladiship with all secrecy.

La. Cock. I have some reason to believe him a man of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very look, Madam, speaks him to be much more a Gentleman then Mr. *Courtall*; but I was unwilling before now to let your Ladiship know my opinion, for fear of offending your inclinations.

La. Cock. I hope by his means to get these Letters into my own hands, and so prevent the inconveniencies they may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what should be Sir *Oliver*'s Quarrel to Mr. *Courtall*.

La. Cock. You know how apt he is to be suspicious in his Drink; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. *Courtall* betray'd him at the Bear to day.

Sent. Pray Heav'n he be not jealous of your Ladiship,

finding you abroad so unexpectedly ; if he be, we shall have a sad hand of him when he comes home, Madam.

La. Cock. I should have apprehended it much my self, *Sentry*, if his drunkenness had not unadvisedly ingag'd him in his quarrel ; as soon as he grows a little sober, I am sure his fear will bring him home, and make him apply himself to me with all humility and kindness ; for he is ever under-hand fain to use my interest and discretion to make friends to compound these businesses, or to get an order for the securing his Person and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily, Mr. *Courtall* wou'd have been so rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. *Freeman* and the rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. Cock. Heavens forbid ! though he be a wicked man, I am oblig'd in Duty to love him : whither did my Cousins go after we came home, *Sentry ?*

Sent. They are at the next door, Madam, laughing and playing at Lantre-lou, with my old Lady *Love-youth* and her Daughters.

La. Cock. I hope they will not come home then to interrupt my affairs with Mr. *Freeman* :

[*Knocking without.*

Hark ! some body knocks, it may be him, run down quickly.

Sent. I fly, Madam. [*Exit* Sentry.

La. Cock. Now if he has a real inclination for my Person, I'le give him a handsome opportunity to reveal it.

Enter Sentry *and* Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Oh Mr. *Freeman* ! this unlucky accident has rob'd me of all my quiet ; I am almost distracted with thinking of the danger Sir *Oliver*'s dear life is in.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will be reconcil'd again to morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's apprehensions did you but know the tenderness of her affections.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall* is a false and merciless man.

Free. He has always own'd a great respect for your Ladiship, and I never heard him mention you with the least dishonour.

La. Cock. He cannot without injuring the Truth, Heaven knows my innocence: I hope you did not let him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I shou'd never merit the happiness to wait upon you again, had I so abus'd this extraordinary favour, Madam.

La. Cock. If I have done any thing unbeseeming my Honour, I hope you will be just, Sir, and impute it to my fear; I know no man so proper to compose this unfortunate difference as your self, and if a Lady's tears and prayers have power to move you to compassion, I know you will imploy your utmost endeavour to preserve me my dear Sir *Oliver*.

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much, I dare ingage my life, his Life and Honour shall be both secure.

La. Cock. You are truly noble, Sir; I was so distracted with my fears, that I cannot well remember how we parted at the Spring-Garden.

Free. We all divided, Madam: after your Ladiship and the young Ladies were gone together, Sir *Oliver*, Sir *Joslin*, and the Company with them, took one Boat, and Mr. *Courtall* and I another.

La. Cock. Then I need not apprehend their meeting again to night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtall* in his Chamber, wondring what shou'd make Sir *Oliver* draw upon him, and fretting and fuming about the Trick that was put upon us with the Letters to day.

La. Cock. Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I assure you, Sir, those Letters were sent by one that has no inclination to be an enemy of yours. [*Knocking below.*

Some body knocks. [*Exit* Sentry.

If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me mortally,

if he does but suspect I use any secret means to hinder him from justifying his Reputation honourably to the World.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Mr. *Courtall* below in the Entry, discharging a Coach-man; I told him your Ladiship was busie, but he wou'd not hear me, and I find, do what I can, he will come up.

La. Cock. I wou'd not willingly suspect you, Sir.

Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming hither, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me here, as you can be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent business with you, but will raise a new Scandal on my Honour, and publish it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him step into the Closet, Madam.

La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick, I beseech you, I will send him away again immediately.

Enter Courtall.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall*! have you no sense of Honour nor modesty left? after so many injuries, to come into our House, and without my approbation rudely press upon my retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my business.

La. Cock. Thy business is maliciously to pursue my ruine; thou comest with a base design to have Sir *Oliver* catch thee here, and destroy the only happiness I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your pardon for the fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know of you the reason of Sir *Oliver*'s Quarrel to me.

La. Cock. Thy guilty conscience is able to tell thee that, vain and ungrateful man!

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all things that may

offend him; and I am sure, if you wou'd but hear me, I shou'd remove the Justice of your Quarrel too.

La. Cock. You are mistaken, Sir, if you think I am concern'd for your going to the Spring-Garden this Evening; my Quarrel is the same with Sir *Oliver*, and is so just, that thou deserv'st to be poyson'd for what thou hast done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my fault.

La. Cock. I blush to think upon't: Sir *Oliver*, since we came from the Bear, has heard something thou hast said concerning me; but what it is, I cou'd not get him to discover: he told me 'twas enough for me to know he was satisfi'd of my innocence.

Court. This is meer passion, Madam.

La. Cock. This is the usual revenge of such base men as thou art, when they cannot compass their ends, with their venomous tongues to blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a sudden alteration, Madam; within these few hours you had a kinder opinion of me.

La. Cock. 'Tis no wonder you brag of favours behind my back, that have the impudence to upbraid me with kindness to my face; dost thou think I cou'd ever have a good thought of thee, whom I have always found so treacherous in thy friendship to Sir *Oliver?*

[*Knock at the door.*

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Sir *Oliver* come home.

La. Cock. O Heavens! I shall be believ'd guilty now, and he will kill us both. [*He draws.*

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'le defend your life.

La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder; for Heavens sake, Sir, hide your self in some corner or other.

Court. I'le step into that Closet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir, by no means; his Pipes and his Tobacco-box lye there, and he always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. Cock. Your malice will soon be at an end: Heaven

knows what will be the fatal consequence of your being found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table, the Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. Cock. Have you good Nature enough to save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

[*He goes under the Table.*

La. Cock. running to the Closet. Be sure you do not stir, Sir, whatsoever happens.

Court. Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir *Oliver*——

Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this kindness, Madam.

La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your naughtiness anon; but I cannot chuse but hug thee, and kiss thee a little first; I was afraid I shou'd never have had thee alive within these arms agen.

Sir Oliv. Your goodness does so encrease my shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I am glad I have thee safe at home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber, and will not so much as trust thee down stairs, till there be an end of this quarrel.

Sir Oliv. I was so little my self, I knew not what I did, else I had not expos'd my person to so much danger before thy face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing concerns my Lady has for you.

La. Cock. If Mr. *Courtall* had kill'd thee, I was resolv'd not to survive thee; but before I had dy'd, I wou'd have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected my self a little, I cou'd not rest till I came home to give thee this satis-

faction, that I will do nothing without thy advice and approbation, my Dear: I know thy Love makes thy life depend upon mine, and it is unreasonable I shou'd upon my own rash head hazard that, though it be for the justification of thy Honour. U'ds me, I have let fall a China-Orange that was recommended to me for one of the best that came over this year; 'Slife light the Candle, *Sentry*, 'tis run under the Table. [*Knock.*

La. Cock. Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry *takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the door, she runs away with the Candle.*

Sent. Oh Heaven! who's that that knocks so hastily?

Sir Oliv. Why, *Sentry*! bring back the Candle; are you mad to leave us in the dark, and your Lady not well? how is it, my Dear?

La. Cock. For Heavens sake run after her, Sir *Oliver*, snatch the Candle out of her hand, and teach her more manners.

Sir Oliv. I will, my Dear.

La. Cock. What shall I do? was ever Woman so unfortunate in the management of affairs!

Court. What will become of me now?

La. Cock. It must be so, I had better trust my Honour to the mercy of them two, then be betray'd to my Husband: Mr. *Courtall*, give me your hand quickly, I beseech you.

Court. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now?

La. Cock. I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Court. He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-Box and Pipes.

La. Cock. Never fear that, Sir.

Freeman out of the Closet-door. Now shall I be discover'd; pox on your honourable intrigue, wou'd I were safe at *Giffords*.

La. Cock. Here, here, Sir, this is the door, whatsoever you feel, be not frighted; for shou'd you make the least

disturbance, you will destroy the life, and what is more, the Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Court. So, so, if you have occasion to remove agen, make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir Oliv. Here is the Candle, how dost thou, my Dear ?

La. Cock. I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had been so ill bred, to run away, and leave your Master and me in the dark.

Sent. I thought there had been another Candle upon the Table, Madam.

La. Cock. Good ! you thought ! you are always excusing of your carelessness ; such another misdemeanour——

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, forgive her.

La. Cock. The truth is, I ought not to be very angry with her at present, 'tis a good natur'd creature ; she was so frighted, for fear of thy being mischief'd in the Spring-Garden, that I verily believe she scarce knows what she does yet.

Sir Oliv. Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I may look for my Orange.

La. Cock. You have been at my Lady *Love-youths*, Cousins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gat. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir Oliv. So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it home on purpose for thee.

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed ! thank you, my Dear ; I am so discompos'd with the fright I have had, that I wou'd fain be at rest.

Sir Oliv. Get a Candle, *Sentry* : will you go to bed, my Dear ?

La. Cock. With all my heart, Sir *Oliver* : 'tis late, Cousins, you had best retire to your Chamber too.

Gat. We shall not stay long here, Madam.

Sir Oliv. Come, my Dear.

La. Cock. Good night, Cousins.

Gat. and Aria. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir* Oliver, *Lady* Cockwood, *and* Sentry.

Aria. I cannot but think of those Letters, Sister.

Gat. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Freeman*, Sister; I perceive he runs in thy head as much as a new Gown uses to do in the Country, the night before 'tis expected from *London*.

Aria. You need not talk, for I am sure the losses of an unlucky Gamester are not more his meditation, then Mr. *Courtall* is yours.

Gat. He has made some slight impression on my memory, I confess; but I hope a night will wear him out agen, as it does the noise of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like some stains, will wear out of it self, I know, but not in such a little time as you talk of, Sister.

Gat. It cannot last longer then the stain of a Mulberry at most; the next season out that goes, and my heart cannot be long unfruitful, sure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd these Letters; what shou'd be their end?

Gat. That you may easily guess at; but methinks they took a very improper way to compass it.

Aria. It looks more like the malice or Jealousie of a Woman, then the design of two witty men.

Gat. If this shou'd prove a Fetch of her Ladiships now, that is a playing the loving Hypocrite above with her dear Sir *Oliver*.

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted, when they were going to show us the hand!

Gat. That might have discover'd all: I have a small suspicion, that there has been a little familiarity between her Ladiship and Mr. *Courtall*.

Aria. Our finding of 'em together in the Exchange, and several passages I observ'd at the Bear, have almost made me of the same opinion.

Gat. Yet I wou'd fain believe the continuance of it is more her desire, then his inclination: that which makes me mistrust him most, is her knowing we made 'em an appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. *Courtall,* she wou'd not be jealous of Mr. *Freeman* too; they both pretend to have receiv'd Letters.

Gat. There is something in it more then we are able to imagine; time will make it out, I hope, to the advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I wou'd gladly have it so; for I believe, shou'd they give us a just cause, we should find it a hard task to hate them.

Gat. How I love the Song I learnt t'other day, since I saw them in the Mulberry-Garden!

She sings.

To little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and th' Plays;
For ne're in my rambles till now did I prove
So luckie to meet with the man I cou'd love.
Oh! how I am pleas'd when I think on this man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

2.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Then had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I wou'd give all the world he did know it;
But oh how I sigh, when I think shou'd he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

Aria. Fy, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Gat. I hate to dissemble when I need not; 'twou'd look as affected in us to be reserv'd now w'are alone, as for a Player to maintain the Character she acts in the Tyring-room.

Aria. Prithee sing a good Song.

Gat. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal, compos'd by some amorous Coxcomb, who swears in all Companies he loves his Mistress so well, that he wou'd not do her the injury, were she willing to grant him the favour, and it may be is Sot enough to believe he wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar out of the Closet, to take thee off of this subject.

Gat. I'de rather be a Nun, then a Lover at thy rate; devotion is not able to make me half so serious as Love has made thee already.

[Aria. *opens the Closet,* Court. *and* Free. *come out.*

Court. Ha, *Freeman*! Is this your bus'ness with a Lawyer? here's a new discovery, i'faith!

[*They shriek and run out.*

Free. Peace, man, I will satisfie your Jealousie hereafter; since we have made this lucky discovery, let us mind the present bus'nesses.

[Court. *and* Free. *catch the Ladies, and bring them back.*]

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you, there is no escaping till w'are come to a right understanding.

Enter Lady Cock. *and Sir* Oliv. *and* Sentry.

Free. Come, never blush, we are as loving as you can be for your hearts, I assure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have had ill Nature enough to dissemble with us at least a fortnight longer.

La. Cock. What's the matter with you here? Are you mad, Cousins? bless me, Mr. *Courtall* and Mr. *Freeman* in our house at these unseasonable hours!

Sir Oliv. Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*, I lay my life *Courtall* has been tempting the Honour of the young Ladies.

La. Cock. Oh my Dear! [*She holds him.*

Gat. We are almost scared out of our wits; my Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the Closet, and found 'em both shut up there.

La. Cock. Come, come, this will not serve your turn; I am afraid you had a design secretly to convey 'em into your Chamber: well, I will have no more of these doings in my Family, my Dear; Sir *Joslin* shall remove these Girls to morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam; their surprize shews their innocence.

Court. If any body be to blame, it is Mrs. *Sentry*.

Sent. What mean you, Sir! Heaven knows I know no more of their being here——

Court. Nay, nay, Mrs. *Sentry*, you need not be asham'd to owne the doing of a couple of young Gentlemen such a good office.

Sent. Do not think to put your tricks upon me, Sir.

Court. Understanding by Mrs. *Sentry*, Madam, that these young Ladies wou'd very likely sit and talk in the Dining-room an hour before they went to bed, of the accidents of the day, and being impatient to know whether that unlucky bus'ness which happen'd in the Spring-Garden, about the Letters, had quite destroy'd our hopes of gaining their esteem; for a small sum of money Mr. *Freeman* and I obtain'd the favour of her to shut us up where we might over-hear 'em.

La. Cock. Is this the truth, *Sentry?*

Sent. I humbly beg your pardon, Madam.

La. Cock. A Lady's Honour is not safe, that keeps a

Servant so subject to corruption; I will turn her out of my Service for this.

Sir Oliv. Good! I was suspicious their bus'nesses had been with my Lady at first. [1] [*Aside.*

La. Cock. Now will I be in Charity with him agen, for putting this off so handsomly. [1] [*Aside.*

Sir Oliv. Hark you my Dear, shall I forbid Mr. *Courtall* my house?

La. Cock. Oh! by no means, my Dear; I had forgot to tell thee, since I acquainted thee with that bus'ness, I have been discoursing with my Lady *Love-youth*, and she blam'd me infinitely for letting thee know it, and laugh'd exceedingly at me, believing Mr. *Courtall* intended thee no injury, and told me 'twas only a harmless gallantry, which his French breeding has us'd him to.

Sir Oliv. Faith, I am apt enough to believe it; for on my conscience, he is a very honest Fellow.

Ned Courtall! how the Devil came it about that thee and I fell to Sa, Sa, in the Spring-Garden?

Court. You are best able to resolve your self that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Well, the Devil take me, if I had the least unkindness for thee——prithee let us embrace and kiss, and be as good Friends as ever we were, dear Rogue.

Court. I am so reasonable, Sir *Oliver*, that I will ask no other satisfaction for the injury you have done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sister, look here, do you know this hand?

Gat. 'Tis *Sentry*'s.

La. Cock. Oh Heavens! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gat. She has been the Contriver of all this mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her charge in this;

[1] *The stage direction "[Aside" was printed in all the quartos after l.* 390. *It evidently refers to the two following speeches, to each of which I have transferred it.—Ed.*

she was but my Lady's Secretary, I assure you, she has discover'd the whole Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean ?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last ?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely vertuous, is, it seems, offended at the innocent freedom you take in rambling up and down by your selves ; which made her, out of a tenderness to your Reputations, conterfeit these Letters, in hopes to fright you to that reservedness which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my opinion of his Honour. [*Aside.*

Cousins, the little regard you had to the good counsel I gave you, put me upon this business.

Gat. Pray, Madam, what was it Mrs. *Gazet* told you concerning us ?

La. Cock. Nothing, nothing, Cousins : what I told you of Mr. *Courtall*, was meer invention, the better to carry on my design for your good.

Court. Freeman ! Pray what brought you hither ?

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladiship.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me ?

Free. I was afraid thy peevish Jealousie might have destroy'd the design I had of getting an opportunity to clear our selves to the young Ladies.

Court. Fortune has been our Friend in that beyond expectation.

To the Ladies.] I hope, Ladies, you are satisfi'd of our innocence now.

Gat. Well, had you been found guilty of the Letters, we were resolv'd to have counterfeited two Contracts under your hands, and have suborn'd Witnesses to swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full revenge ; for I know you wou'd think it as great a Scandal to be thought to have an inclination for Marriage, as we shou'd to be believ'd willing to take our freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had been only to pretend a Promise; we have now and then courage enough to venture so far for a valuable consideration.

Gat. The truth is, such experienc'd Gentlemen as you are, seldom mortgage your persons without it be to redeem your Estates.

Court. 'Tis a mercy we have 'scap'd the mischief so long, and are like to do Penance only for our own sins; most Families are a Wedding behind hand in the World, which makes so many young men fool'd into Wives, to pay their Fathers Debts: all the happiness a Gentleman can desire, is to live at liberty, till he be forc'd that way to pay his own.

Free. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant of the good Intentions you have towards us; pray let us treat a little.

Gat. I hope you are not in so desperate a condition, as to have a good opinion of Marriage, are you?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpose to treat with us of any thing under that, as it is for those kind Ladies, that have oblig'd you with a valuable consideration, to challenge the performance of your promise.

Sir Oliv. Well, and how, and how, my dear *Ned*, goes the business between you and these Ladies? Are you like to drive a Bargain?

Court. Faith, Sir *Oliver*, we are about it.

Sir Oliv. And cannot agree, I warrant you; they are for having you take a Lease for life, and you are for being Tenants at Will, *Ned*, is it not so?

Gat. These Gentlemen have found it so convenient lying in Lodgings, they'l hardly venture on the trouble of taking a House of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-seat, Madam, with a handsom parcel of Land, and other necessaries belonging to't, may tempt us; but for a Town-Tenement that has but one poor conveniency, we are resolv'd we'll never deal.

[*A noise of Musick without.*

Sir Oliv. Hark! my Brother *Jolly*'s come home.

Aria. Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to your selves, and come to an agreement with us quickly; for I'le lay my life, my Uncle has brought home a couple of fresh Chap-men, that will out-bid you.

Enter Sir Joslin *with Musick.*

Sir Jos. Hey Boys! [*Dance.*

Sings.

A Catch and a Glass,
A Fiddle and a Lass,
What more wou'd an honest man have?
Hang your temperate Sot,
Who wou'd seem what he's not;
'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.

Sir Jos. What's here? Mr. *Courtall* and Mr. *Freeman!*

Sir Oliv. Oh man! here has been the prettiest, the luckiest discovery on all sides! we are all good Friends again.

Sir Jos. Hark you Brother *Cockwood*, I have got Madam *Rampant*; *Rake-hell* and she are without.

Sir Oliv. Oh Heavens! dear Brother *Jolly*, send her away immediately, my Lady has such an aversion to a naughty Woman, that she will swound if she does but see her.

Sir Jos. Faith, I was hard put to't, I wanted a Lover, and rather then I would break my old wont, I dress'd up *Rampant* in a Suit I bought

[*Enter* Rake-hell.

of *Rake-hell*; but since this good Company's here, I'le send her away. My little *Rake-hell*, come hither; you see here are two powerful Rivals; therefore for fear of kicking, or a worse disaster, take *Rampant* with you, and be going quickly.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Ex.* Rake-hell *and* Rampant.

Court. You may hereafter spare your self this labour, Sir *Joslin*; Mr. *Freeman* and I have vow'd our selves humble Servants to these Ladies.

Free. I hope we shall have your approbation, Sir.

Sir Jos. Nay, if you have a mind to commit Matrimony, I'le send for a Canonical Sir shall dispatch you presently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the humour? Consideration may be your Foe, Ladies.

Aria. Come, Gentlemen, I'le make you a fair proposition; since you have made a discovery of our inclinations, my Sister and I will be content to admit you in the quality of Servants.

Gat. And if after a months experience of your good behaviour, upon serious thoughts, you have courage enough to ingage further, we will accept of the Challenge, and believe you men of Honour.

Sir Jos. Well spoke i'faith, Girls; and is it a match, Boys?

Court. If the heart of man be not very deceitful, 'tis very likely it may be so.

Free. A month is a tedious time, and will be a dangerous tryal of our resolutions; but I hope we shall not repent before Marriage, whate're we do after.

Sir Jos. How stand matters between you and your Lady, Brother *Cockwood*? is there peace on all sides?

Sir Oliv. Perfect concord, man: I will tell thee all that has happen'd since I parted from thee, when we are alone, 'twill make thee laugh heartily. Never man was so happy in a vertuous and a loving Lady!

Sir Jos. Though I have led Sir *Oliver* astray this day or two, I hope you will not exclude me the Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. Cock. The nigh Relation I have to you, and the

Respect I know Sir *Oliver* has for you, makes me forget all that has pass'd, Sir ; but pray be not the occasion of any new transgressions.

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Courtall,* since my endeavours to serve you, have ruin'd me in the opinion of my Lady, you will intercede for a reconciliation.

Court. Most willingly, Mrs. *Sentry*——faith, Madam, since things have fallen out so luckily, you must needs receive your Woman into favour agen.

La. Cock. Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon solemn protestations, Madam, that the Gentlemens intentions were honourable, and having reason to believe the young Ladies had no aversion to their inclinations, I was of opinion I shou'd have been ill natur'd, if I had not assisted 'em in the removing those difficulties that delay'd their happiness.

Sir Oliv. Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guinnys prevail'd upon your easie Nature.

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.

Sir Oliv. 'Slife, a sum able to corrupt an honest Man in Office ! faith you must forgive her, my Dear.

La. Cock. If it be your pleasure, Sir *Oliver,* I cannot but be obedient.

Sent. If Sir *Oliver,* Madam, shou'd ask me to see this Gold, all may be discover'd yet.

La. Cock. If he does, I will give thee ten Guinnys out of my Cabinet.

Sent. I shall take care to put him upon't ; 'tis fit, that I who have bore all the blame, shou'd have some reasonable reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me the happiness I am to enjoy with your fair Relation.

La. Cock. Your ingenuity and goodness, Sir, have made a perfect attonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your bus'ness with Mr. *Freeman ?*

La. Cock. Only to oblige him to endeavour a reconciliation between you and Sir *Oliver*; for though I was resolv'd never to see your face agen, it was death to me to think your life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous come off is this, Madam!

La. Cock. It has made me so truly sensible of those dangers to which an aspiring Lady must daily expose her Honour, that I am resolv'd to give over the great bus'ness of this Town, and hereafter modestly confine my self to the humble Affairs of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis a very pious resolution, Madam, and the better to confirm you in it, pray entertain an able Chaplain.

La. Cock. Certainly Fortune was never before so unkind to the Ambition of a Lady.

Sir Jos. Come, Boys, faith we will have a Dance before we go to bed——Sly-girl and Mad-cap, give me your hands, that I may give 'em to these Gentlemen, a Parson shall join you e're long, and then you will have Authority to dance to some purpose: Brother *Cockwood*, take out your Lady, I am for Mrs. *Sentry*.

We'll foot it and side it, my pretty little Miss,
And when we are aweary, we'll lye down and kiss.

Play away, Boys. [*They dance.*

Court. to Gatty. Now shall I sleep as little without you, as I shou'd do with you: Madam, expectation makes me almost as restless as Jealousie.

Free. Faith, let us dispatch this bus'ness; yet I never cou'd find the pleasure of waiting for a Dish of Meat, when a man was heartily a hungry.

Gat. Marrying in this heat wou'd look as ill as fighting in your Drink.

Aria. And be no more a proof of Love, then t'other is of Valour.

Sir Jos. Never trouble your heads further; since I perceive you are all agreed on the Matter, let me alone to

hasten the Ceremony : come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to their Chambers ; Brother *Cockwood*, do you shew the way with your Lady.
Ha Mrs. *Sentry !*

Sings.

I gave my Love a Green-gown
I' th' merry month of May,
And down she fell as wantonly,
As a Tumbler does at Play.

Hey Boys, lead away Boys.

Sir Oliv. Give me thy hand, my Vertuous, my Dear ;
Henceforwards may our mutual Loves increase,
And when we are a bed, we'll sign the Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE

Man of Mode,

OR,

Sr Fopling Flutter.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the *Duke*'s *Theatre.*

By *George Etherege* Esq;.

LICENSED,

June 3. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Macock*, for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1676.

TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
DUCHESS.

Madam,

POets however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The World when it sees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highness*, will conclude, I have more than my share of that Vanity. But I hope the honour I have of belonging to You, will excuse my presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my Choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the success it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are so ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be severe to what you are pleas'd to favour.

This universal submission and respect is due to the greatness of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illustrious Qualities, which are much more ingaging. Those wou'd but dazle, did not these really charm the Eyes and Understandings of all who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors on these occasions are never wanting to publish a particular of their Patrons Virtues and Perfections; but *Your Royal Highness*'s are so eminently known, that did I follow their Examples, I shou'd but paint those wonders here of which every one already has the Idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Prose, which is so glorious a subject for Verse; in which hereafter if I show more zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much, since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's
Most humble, most obedient,
and most faithful Servant,

George Etherege.

Prologue.

By Sir *Car Scroope* Baronet.

Like Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, the rest in danger are;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary,
But Gamester like the Giddy Fools miscarry.
A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play till they're undone.
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a ycung Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with praise, by her good Will,
The Wanton Fool wou'd never more lie still.
'Tis an old Mrs. you'll meet here to night,
Whose charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known yee,
A Muse o'th' better sort's asham'd to own you.
Nature well drawn and Wit must now give place
To gawdy Nonsence and to dull Grimace;
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid that while to France *we go,*
To bring you home Fine Dresses, Dance, and Show;
The Stage like you will but more Foppish grow.
Of Foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the scum,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thankt 'tis not so wise an Age,
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great Fear the soil
Should Barren grow by the too frequent toil;

While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of Dunghil to manure the ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by Diseases live.
And as each year some new distemper Reigns,
Whose friendly poison helps to increase their gains:
So among you, there starts up every day,
Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glass?

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr *Dorimant*,
Mr *Medley*,
Old *Bellair*,
Young *Bellair*,
Sir *Fopling Flutter*,
} Gentlemen.

Lady *Townley*,
Emilia,
Mrs. *Loveit*,
Bellinda,
Lady *Woodvil*, and
Harriet her Daughter,
} Gentlewomen.

Pert,
and
Busy,
} Waiting Women.

A Shoomaker.
An Orange-woman.
Three Slovenly Bullies.
Two Chair-men.
Mr *Smirk, a Parson.*
Handy, a Valet de Chambre.
Pages, Footmen, &c.

THE
Man of Mode,
OR,
Sr Fopling Flutter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dressing Room, a Table Covered with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his hand made up, repeating Verses.*

Dor. NOW *for some Ages had the pride of* Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.
[*Then looking on the Note.*

For Mrs. Loveit.

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet doux written in cold blood, after the heat of the business is over! It is a Tax upon good nature which I have here been labouring to pay, and have done it, but with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid the Royal Aid, or Church Duties. 'Twill have the same fate, I know, that all my notes to her have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right when they jealously examine our

Letters, for in them we always first discover our decay of passion.——Hay !——Who waits !——

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir.——

Dor. Call a Footman.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs ! Will they ever lie snoring a Bed till Noon ?

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir : if they're up, you indulge 'em so, they're ever poaching after Whores all the Morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty, the next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an example. What Vermin are those Chattering without ?

Handy. Foggy *Nan* the Orange Woman, and swearing *Tom* the Shoomaker.

Dor. Go ; call in that over-grown Jade with the Flasket of Guts before her, fruit is refreshing in a Morning.

It is not that I love you less [*Exit* Handy.
Than when before your feet I lay.

[*Enter* Or. Wom.

How now, double Tripe, what news do you bring ?

Or. Wom. News ! Here's the best Fruit has come to Town t'year, Gad I was up before Four a Clock this Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.

Dor. The nasty refuse of your Shop.

Or. Wom. You need not make mouths at it, I assure you 'tis all cull'd ware.

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their walk to *Totnam.*

Or. Wom. Good or bad 'tis all one, I never knew you commend any thing ; Lord, wou'd the Ladies had heard you talk of 'em as I have done : here, bid your Man give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*

Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my Conscience, there never was the like of you. God's my life, I had almost forgot to tell

you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to Town with her Mother, that is so taken with you.

Dor. Is she handsome ?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, there are few finer Women, I tell you but so, and a hugeous fortune they say. Here, eat this Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis better than any *Newington* y'have tasted.

Dor. This fine Woman, I'le lay my life, is some awkward [*taking the Peach.*
ill fashion'd Country Toad, who not having above Four Dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white Fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the Fore Front of the Kings Box, at an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad, you'd change your note quickly if you did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me ?

Or. Wom. She saw you yesterday at the *Change*, she told me you came and fool'd with the Woman at the next Shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did she say ?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow she told me Twenty things you said too, and acted with her head and with her body so like you——

Enter Medley.

Medley. Dorimant, my Life, my Joy, my darling-Sin ; how dost thou ?

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of kissing one another ! [*She spits.*

Med. Why do you suffer this Cart-load of Scandal to come near you, and make your Neighbours think you so improvident to need a Bawd ?

Or. Wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but want him to help you ; come, pay me for my Fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it, Huswife ; Bawds are as

much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; none but old Formal Ladies use the one, and none but Foppish old Stagers employ the other; go, you are an insignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary is her business.

Or. Wom. What you please, Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there is not such another Heathen in the Town again, except it be the Shoomaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar next Sessions for Murder, Huswife; that Shoomaker can take his Oath you are in Fee with the Doctors to sell green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may breed Diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my Money.

Dor. Not a penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may be as honest as your Sisters for ought as I know. Pray pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not abuse me so, I have an honester way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

Dor. Some Jades tricks she has, but she makes amends when she's in good humour: Come, tell me the Ladies name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

Or. Wom. I must not, she forbid me.

Dor. That's a sure sign she wou'd have you.

Med. Where does she live?

Or. Wom. They lodge at my House.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medley*, say your pleasure of me, but take heed how you affront my House; God's my life, in a hopeful way!

Dor. Prithee peace; what kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman; Lord, how she talks against the wild young men o'the Town; as for your

part, she thinks you an arrant Devil; shou'd she see you, on my Conscience she wou'd look if you had not a Cloven foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearsay; a Thousand horrid Stories have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this should be the Famous Lady *Woodvill*, and her Daughter *Harriet*.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well; the Mother's a great admirer of the Forms and Civility of the last Age.

Dor. An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to be out of humour at the freedoms of the present. This is a good account of the Mother, Pray what is the Daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an Heiress vastly Rich.

Dor. And handsome?

Med. What alteration a Twelve-month may have bred in her I know not, but a year ago she was the beautifullest Creature I ever saw; a fine, easie, clean shape, light brown Hair in abundance; her Features regular, her Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes, but above all a mouth that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination, Teeth white and even, and pretty pouting Lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them that look like the Province Rose fresh on the Bush, 'ere the Morning Sun has quite drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, he tells you true, she's a delicate Creature.

Dor. Has she Wit?

Med. More than is usual in her Sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you wou'd wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot bear this, and not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her up to Town; an old doating Keeper cannot be more jealous of his Mistress.

Or. Wom. She made me laugh yesterday; there was a Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man she told me did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her smack'd so heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God a-mercy Judge!

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe have not been wanting by their good Examples to countenance the crying sin o'the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than you imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoomaker, *Handy*.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Dorimant*, pay me; Gad, I had rather give you my Fruit than stay to be abus'd by that foul-mouth'd Rogue; what you Gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her Ten shillings; and be sure you tell the young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

Med. Farewell Bogg.—— [*Exit* Or. Woman *and* Handy. *Dorimant*, when did you see your *Pis aller* as you call her, Mrs. *Loveit?*

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ado; we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so violent a Creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the most extravagant in her Jealousie of any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dor. No, but if you will take the pains you may.

Medley *reads.*

Med. *I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two days from seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the Afternoon, and in the pleasure of your Conversation, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence.*

This business of yours, *Dorimant*, has been with a Vizard at the Playhouse; I have had an Eye on you. If some malitious body shou'd betray you, this kind note wou'd hardly make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good understanding with a new Mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one; but the Devils in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a Woman so much as break her Fan, to be sullen, or forswear her self these three days.

Med. A very great Misfortune. Let me see, I love mischief well enough, to forward this business my self. I'll about it presently, and though I know the truth of what y'ave done will set her a raving, I'le heighten it a little with Invention, leave her in a fit o'the Mother, and be here again before y'are ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the Labour, the business is undertaken already by one who will manage it with as much address, and I think with a little more Malice than you can.

Med. Who i' the Devil's name can this be!

Dor. Why, the Vizard, that very Vizard you saw me with.

Med. Does she love mischief so well, as to betray her self to spight another ?

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*; I will make you comprehend the mystery ; this Masque for a farther confirmation of what I have been these two days swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Playhouse make her a promise before her face, utterly to break off with *Loveit*, and because she tenders my reputation, and wou'd not have me do a barbarous thing, has contriv'd a way to give me a handsom occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends about an hour before me, this afternoon, to make *Loveit* a visit, and (having the priviledge by reason of a profess'd Friendship between 'em to talk of her Concerns)

Med. Is she a Friend ?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend !

Med. Better and better, pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a discourse of me, and artificially raise her Jealousie to such a height, that transported with the first motions of her passion, she shall fly upon me with all the Fury imaginable, as soon as ever I enter ; the Quarrel being thus happily begun, I am to play my part, confess and justifie all my Roguery, swear her impertinence and ill humour makes her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop that comes into my head, and in a huff march away, slight her and leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth his time to lie down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a spark, and has a Genius that makes her worthy of your self, *Dorimant*.

Enter Handy, Shoomaker, *and* Footman.

Dor. You Rogue there, who sneak like a Dog that has

flung down a Dish, if you do not mend your waiting I'le uncase you, and turn you loose to the Wheel of Fortune. *Handy*, seal this and let him run with it presently.

[*Exit* Handy *and* Footman.

Med. Since y'are resolv'd on a Quarrel, why do you send her this kind note ?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business. How now, you drunken Sot ? [*To the Shoomaker.*

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly this Fortnight.

Med. The *Orange Woman* says, your Neighbours take notice what a Heathen you are, and design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, Dunghill; if her Husband does not remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to indite him for a Nusance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your Life; you have brought the envy of the World upon you, by living above your self. Whoring and Swearing are Vices too gentile for a Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd ingross the sins o'the Nation; poor Folks can no sooner be wicked, but th'are rail'd at by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'le have you stand i'the Pillory for this Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are so many of 'em, that our Journeymen now adays instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue ?

Shoom. Nay, Good Master, why shou'd not you write your own Commentaries as well as *Cæsar ?*

Med. The Raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, Ale and History.

Dor. Draw on my Shooes, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shooe !

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are in an Angry Bullies Forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as smooth as your Mistresses skin does upon her; so, strike your foot in home. 'Zbud, if e're a Monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable Ware, I'le be content to have my Ears whip'd off with my own Paring Knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a Ragoust, instead of Coxcombs, to a Company of French Shoomakers for a Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em, Catterpillars, let 'em feed upon Cabbidge; Come, Master, your health this Morning! next my heart, now!

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family better; do not let your Wife follow you to the Alehouse, beat your Whore, and lead you home in Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'the Town lives more like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I never mind her motions, she never inquires into mine; we speak to one another Civilly, hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'the Eye of the World for my Masters honour, *Robin.*

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an Alehouse from a Hovil. [*Exit* Shoomaker.

Dor. My Cloaths, quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine to day? [*Enter* Bellair.

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good third man.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you answer this visit to your honourable Mistress? 'tis not her interest you shou'd keep Company with men of sence, who will be talking reason.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miserable by the want of your good Company, to show you I am free from all resentment, may the beautiful cause of our misfortune give you all the Joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe me on my Journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong Faith, and that may contribute much towards your Salvation. I confess I am but of an untoward constitution, apt to have doubts and scruples, and in Love they are no less distracting than in Religion; were I so near Marriage, I shou'd cry out by Fits as I ride in my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no less fury than the mad Fanatick does Glory in *Bethlem*.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must I live an Atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a man of Credit, who may have money enough on his Word, to go and deal with Jews; who for little sums make men enter into Bonds, and give Judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my Conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary fidling; a Wasp that's buzzing about a Mans Nose at Dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art.

[*To* Handy *who is fidling about him.*

Hand. You love to have your Cloaths hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, Sir: and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Hand. Will you use the Essence or Orange Flower Water?

Dor. I will smell as I do to day, no offence to the Ladies Noses.

Hand. Your pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a man's excellency should lie in neatly tying of a Ribbond, or a Crevat! how careful's nature in furnishing the World with necessary Coxcombs!

Bell. That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours, *Dorimant.*

Dor. I am glad 't has your approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better fancy in his Cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick I hear in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris.*

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter,* you mean.

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the Pattern of modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the pattern of modern Foppery.

Med. He was Yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly Curl'd then a Ladies head newly dress'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho, that he affects in imitation of the people of Quality of *France.*

Med. His head stands for the most part on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a Ladys when she loll's at stretch in her Coach, or leans her head carelessly against the side of a Box i'the Playhouse.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquir'd Follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; many a Fool had been lost to the World, had their indulgent Parents wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish word is, Brisk upon the Ladies already; he was yesterday at my Aunt *Townleys,* and gave Mrs. *Loveit* a Catalogue of his good Qualities, under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman, who according to Sir *Fopling,* ought to dress well, Dance well, Fence well, have a genius for Love Letters, an agreeable

voice for a Chamber, be very Amorous, something discreet, but not over Constant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplisht Person.

Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit.*

Bell. How so ?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this is as pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Bell. Hark you, *Dorimant* ; with your leave, Mr. *Medley*, 'tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding, Sir, gives you too much trouble, you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with *Bellinda* of late ?

[*To* Dorimant.

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne're the worse for your purpose ; she was with you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Bell. The Occasion ?

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young Women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting, at first ; but once enter'd, like them too, they all turn Bullies straight.

[*Enter* Handy *to* Bellair.

Handy. Sir : Your man without desires to speak with you.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'le return immediately. [*Exit* Bellair.

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handsome, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frighted him from his honourable intentions of Marrying.

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young Woman about the Town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her Carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Dor. She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a Husband.

Med. A Husband?

Dor. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women make a difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have afterwards made none of making a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration, I am apt to think, has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the state she was in, has made me, by my advice, contribute something towards the changing of her condition.

[*Enter* Bellair.

Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens I thought we had lost thee; men in love are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd form a Company.

Bell. Dorimant, I am undone; my man has brought the most surprising news i'the World.

Dor. Some strange misfortune is befaln your love?

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love ?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious Sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townly* is your Confidant, and favours the business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her. I have receiv'd a Letter, in which I am commanded by my Father to meet him at my Aunts this Afternoon ; he tells me farther he has made a match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med. Now's your Time, *Bellair* ; never had Lover such an opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how, I pray ?

Med. Why, hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens ; 'tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self to a pair of Goloshoes, being out of countenance when you meet your Friends, pointed at and pityed wherever you go by all the Amorous Fops that know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jeast, and disappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell. The storm I have so long expected, hangs ore my head, and begins to pour down upon me ; I am on the Rack, and can have no rest till I'm satisfyed in what I fear ; where do you dine ?

Dor. At *Longs*, or *Lockets*.

Med. At *Longs* let it be.

Bell. I'le run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self how matters stand ; if my misfortunes are not so great as to make me unfit for Company, I'le be with you. [*Exit* Bellair.

Enter a Footman *with a Letter.*

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir. [*To* Dorimant.

Dor. The Superscription's right; For Mr. *Dorimant.*

Med. Let's see; the very scrawl and spelling of a true bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand; the stile is admirable, I assure you.

Med. Prethee read it.

Dor. Reads.

I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud, you wou'd have seen me again e're now; I have no money and am very Mallicolly; pray send me a Guynie to see the Operies.

Your Servant to Command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable answer, that she may spark it in a Box, and do honour to her profession.

Dor. She shall; and perk up i'the face of quality. Is the Coach at Door?

Hand. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy *offers to go out.* Hay, Sot.——

Handy. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Handy. I have sense, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a Fly in Winter:——How did you come, *Medly?*

Med. In a Chair.

Footm. You may have a Hackney Coach if you please, Sir.

Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir; call another Chair, and let my Coach follow to *Longs.*

Be calm, ye great Parents, &c. [*Ex. Singing.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady Townly, *and* Emilia.

Lady Townly. I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been discover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the Apprehension still.

Town. That my Brother should take Lodgings i'the very House where you lie!

Emil. 'Twas lucky we had timely notice to warn the people to be secret; he seems to be a mighty good humour'd old man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me, and does so bepat me.

Town. On my word, you are much in his favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquisitive, I am told, about my Family, my reputation, and my Fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the least suspect you are the Woman his Son's in Love with.

Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself so particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very Loving Temper himself; it may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows?

Emil. It cannot be. [*Enter* Young Bellair.

Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did you leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a Note within. *Emilia*, this early visit looks as if some kind Jealousie wou'd not let you rest at home.

Emil. The knowledge I have of my Rival, gives me a little cause to fear your Constancy.

Y. Bell. My Constancy! I vow——

Emil. Do not vow——Our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall out-live this day?

Y. Bell. I am not; but when we are in perfect health, 'twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of sudden death.

Town. Pray what has pass'd between you and your Father i'the Garden?

Y. Bell. He's firm in his resolution, tells me I must marry Mrs. *Harriet*, or swears hee'l marry himself, and disinherit me; when I saw I could not prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his passion, and will give us time, and I hope opportunity to deceive him.

Enter Old Bellair, *with a Note in his hand.*

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. Harry, take this, and let your man carry it for me to Mr. *Fourbes* Chamber, my Lawyer i'the Temple. Neighbour, a Dod I am glad to see thee here,

[*To* Emilia.

make much of her, Sister, she's one of the best of your acquaintance; I like her countenance and her behaviour well, she has a Modesty that is not Common i'this Age, a Dod, she has.

Town. I know her value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her face; a Dod, she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

Old Bell. Nay, a Dod, I like her ne're the worse, a melancholy Beauty has her Charms; I love a pretty sadness in a Face which varies Now and Then, like changeable Colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, Brother.

Old Bell. I am but Five and Fifty, Sister, you know, an Age not altogether unsensible! chear up, sweet Heart;

[*To* Emilia.

I have a secret to tell thee may chance to make thee merry; we three will make Collation together anon; i'the mean time, mum, I can't abide you; go, I can't abide you——

Harry, Come, [*Enter* Young Bellair.
you must along with me to my Lady *Woodvills*. I am going to slip the Boy at a Mistress.

Y. Bell. At a Wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so glum, Sir, a Wife is no Curse when she brings the blessing of a good Estate with her, but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a rotten Reputation, and a crasie Fortune, a Dod, is the Devil and all, and such a one I hear you are in League with.

Y. Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.

Old Bell. Out, a pise o'their Breeches, there are keeping Fools enough for such flaunting Baggages, and they are e'ne too good for 'em.

[*To* Emilia.
Remember Night; go, y'are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; fare you well, fare you well; come, come, come along, Sir.
[*Ex.* Old *and* Y. Bellair.

Town. On my Word the old man comes on apace; I'le lay my life he's smitten.

Emilia. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

Town. I know him better than you; let it work, it may prove lucky. [*Enter a* Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Medley* has sent to know whether a Visit will not be Troublesome this Afternoon?

Town. Send him word his visits never are so.

Emilia. He's a very pleasant man.

Town. He's a very necessary man among us Women; he's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to bring good Company together, and always ready to stop up a gap at Ombre; then he knows all the little news o'the Town.

Emilia. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues, let 'em be never so dull in themselves, he'l make 'em pleasant i'the relation.

Town. But he improves things so much one can take no measure of the Truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears

a Flea or a Maggot is not made more monstrous by a magnifying Glass, than a story is by his telling it.

Emilia. Hold, here he comes. [*Enter* Medley.

Town. Mr. *Medley.*

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your self a Stranger of late.

Emilia. I believe you took a surfeit of Ombre last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that Tarmagant, Lady Dealer; there never was so unsatiable a Carder, an old Gleeker never lov'd to sit to't like her; I have plaid with her now at least a dozen times, till she'as worn out all her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd keep in Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not, poor Woman, she loves nothing so well as a black Ace.

Med. The pleasure I have seen her in when she has had hope in drawing for a Matadore!

Emilia. 'Tis as pretty sport to her, as perswading Masks off is to you, to make discoveries.

Town. Pray where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant?*

Med. Soliciting his affairs, he's a man of great imployment, has more Mistresses now depending than the most eminent Lawyer in *England* has Causes.

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. *Loveit,* so uneasie and out of humour these two days.

Town. How strangely love and Jealousie rage in that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon Earth so proper to Torment her; h'as made her break a dozen or two of Fans already, tare half a score Points in pieces, and destroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave her t'other Night.

Med. A Danish Serenade with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.

Emilia. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies whose Ears are grown so delicate since our Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing but Flute doux, and French Hoboys?

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any new Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an eminent Author, call'd, *the diversions of Bruxells*, very necessary to be read by all old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves at Questions and Commands, Blindmans buff, and the like fashionable recreations.

Emilia. Oh Ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of affectation, written by a late beauty of Quality, teaching you how to draw up your Breasts, stretch up your neck, to thrust out your Breech, to play with your Head, to toss up your Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn up your Eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a Voice, and use all the Foolish French Words that will infallibly make your person and conversation charming, with a short apologie at the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies, who notoriously wash, and paint, though they have naturally good Complexions.

Emilia. What a deal of stuff you tell us!

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The *Russians*, hearing the great respect we have for Foreign Dancing, have lately sent over some of their best Balladins, who are now practising a famous Ballat which will be suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-Garden*.

Town. Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us an account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there has been some revolutions in those Affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and some new Lovers, whom malice, indiscretion, and misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next Room, and sitting down, before you engage in this business?

Med. I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good Content, Ladies.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit *and* Pert.

Mrs. Loveit *putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket Glass, and looking in it.*

Loveit. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Loveit. I hate my self, I look so ill to day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and vex your self continually.

Loveit. He is to blame indeed.

Pert. To blame to be two days without sending, writing, or coming near you, contrary to his Oath and Covenant! 'Twas to much purpose to make him swear; I'll lay my Life there's not an Article but he has Broken, talk'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the Ladies from the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind the Scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant Creatures, the Players; 'tis impossible for a man of his inconstant temper to forbear, I'm sure.

Lov. I know he is a Devil, but he has something of the Angel yet undefac'd in him, which makes him so charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to see your spirit taim'd to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. *Lackwit* but for taking up another Ladies Fan in your presence.

Loveit. My knowing of such odious Fools, contributes to the making of me love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind, shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Loveit. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter ?

Loveit. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms wou'd not have been a currant excuse for another ; a Modish Man is always very busie when he is in pursuit of a new Mistress.

Loveit. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him ; he had business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never forgive him his turning me into Ridicule, as I hear he does.

Loveit. I perceive you are of the number of those Fools his Wit has made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to railly, Madam ; and if we may believe Mr. *Wagfan*, and Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your self too, among his Laughing Companions.

Loveit. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men, as ugly Women are to the handsome ; 'tis their Interest, and they make it their business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his business to defame you.

Loveit. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous by him, than owe my reputation to the dull discretion of those Fops you talk of. *Bellinda !* [*running to her.*

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.

Loveit. You have been unkind of late.

Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy !

Loveit. I cou'd chide you, where have you been these two days ?

Bell. Pitty me rather, my dear, where I have been so tired with two or three Country Gentlewomen, whose

conversation has been more unsufferable than a Country Fiddle.

Loveit. Are they Relations ?

Bell. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last year at St. *Winefreds*; they have asked me a thousand questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for news that hardly were so, when their Gowns were in Fashion.

Loveit. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em ?

Bell. Now to carry on my Plot; nothing but love cou'd make me capable of so much falshood; [*Aside.*

'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* shou'd come before her Jealousie has stung her; [*Laughs and then speaks on.* I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the man at *Westminster* does the dead; that is Mrs. such a one admired for her Beauty, this is Mr. such a one cry'd up for a Wit; that is sparkish Mr. such a one who keeps reverend Mrs. such a one, and there sits fine Mrs. such a one who was lately cast off by my Lord such a one.

Loveit. Did you see *Dorimant* there ?

Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him, and have no mind to own it.

Loveit. What shou'd make you think so ?

Bell. A Lady mask'd, in a pretty dishabillié, whom *Dorimant* entertain'd with more Respect, than the Gallants do a Common Vizard.

Loveit. Dorimant at the Play entertaining a Mask, Oh Heavens ! [*Aside.*

Bell. Good. [*Aside.*

Loveit. Did he stay all the while ?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out, which confirms me it was you !

Loveit. Traytor !

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and you may forgive him too.

Loveit. Ingrateful perjur'd man!

Bell. You seem so much concern'd, my Dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd for your Quiet.

Loveit. What manner of shape had she?

Bell. Tall and slender, her motions were very gentile, certainly she must be some person of condition.

Loveit. Shame and confusion be ever in her face when she shows it!

Bell. I should blame your discretion for loving that wild man, my Dear, but they say he has a way so bewitching, that few can defend their hearts who know him.

Loveit. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the attempt.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Loveit. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poyson'd Arrows in my Breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts of him from thence.

Bell. Fie, fie, your transports are too Violent, my Dear. This may be but an accidental Gallantry, and 'tis likely ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be, the Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will quickly make you know your Rival, ten to one let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd to the Town; a happiness none will envy her but your self, Madam.

Loveit. Who e're she be, all the harm I wish her, is, may she love him as well as I do, and may he give her as much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curse, Madam!

Loveit. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected Love, Jealousie, Indignation, Spight, and Thirst of Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do now in mine.

[*Walks up and down with a distracted air.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Dorimant*——

Loveit. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door; say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam. [*Enter* Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?

[*To* Loveit.

[*Offers to catch her by the hand, she flings away and walks on.*

I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, proceeds

[*pursuing her.*

from an unquietness of the mind. What unlucky accident puts you out of humour; a Point ill-wash'd, Knots spoil'd i'the making up, Hair shaded awry, or some other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert,* I never knew you sullen enough to be silent; come, let me know the business.

Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you up these two days; how have I seen you laugh at men of business, and now to become a man of business your self!

Dor. We are not Masters of our own affections, our inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and anon we shall doat on business; humane frailty will have it so, and who can help it?

Loveit. Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man——

Dor. Good, now the Alarm strikes——

Loveit. Without sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd she was, you were with at the Play yesterday?

Dor. Faith, I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Loveit. False in this as in your Vows to me, you do know!

Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Loveit. And dare you own it to my Face? Hell and Furies! [*Tears her Fan in pieces.*

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horrour and distraction seize you, Sorrow and Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your Perjuries to me—— [*Weeps.*

Dor. So Thunder breaks the Cloud in Twain,
And makes a passage for the Rain. [*Turning to* Bellinda.
Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this storm; [*To* Bellinda.
you were at the Play yesterday, and have been making discoveries to your Dear.

Bell. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the World.

Dor. It must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve to pursue, and persecute you more impertinently than ever any Loving Fop did his Mistress, hunt you i'the *Park,* trace you i'the *Mail,* Dog you in every visit you make, haunt you at the Plays, and i'the Drawing Room, hang my nose in your neck, and talk to you whether you will or no, and ever look upon you with such dying Eyes, till your Friends grow Jealous of me, send you out of Town, and the World suspect your reputation. [*In a lower voice.*
At my Lady *Townley*'s when we go from hence. [*He looks kindly on* Bellinda.

Bell. I'le meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Loveit. Stand off, you sha'not stare upon her so. [*Pushing* Dorimant *away.*

Dor. Good! There's one made Jealous already.

Loveit. Is this the constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a Vertue in season,

you might as well expect the Fruit the Autumn ripens i'the Spring.

Loveit. Monstrous Principle!

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam; shou'd I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at, I shou'd never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

Loveit. Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess; good nature and good manners corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and wou'd not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully mistake Art for Nature; and seem as fond of a thing I am weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest.

Loveit. False Man!

Dor. True Woman!

Loveit. Now you begin to show your self!

Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

Loveit. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Protestations, perjur'd Man!

Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.

Loveit. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh Impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof of a present passion, but to say truth, in Love there is no security to be given for the future.

Loveit. Horrid and ingrateful, begone, and never see me more!

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome Coxcombs, who because they were once well receiv'd, take the priviledge to plague a Woman with their Love ever after; I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some violence.

[*He offers to go, and* Loveit *pulls him back.*

Loveit. Come back, you sha'not go. Cou'd you have the ill nature to offer it?

Dor. When love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do is to put it to a Violent Death; I cannot endure the torture of a lingring and consumptive passion.

Loveit. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh, 'tis desperately Ill! what worse symptomes are there than your being always uneasie when I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on slight occasions, and in my absence kindly listning to the impertinences of every fashionable Fool that talks to you?

Loveit. What fashionable Fool can you lay to my charge?

Dor. Why, the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir *Fopling Flutter.*

Loveit. I never saw him in my life but once.

Dor. The worse Woman you at first sight to put on all your charms, to entertain him with that softness in your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design a Conquest.

Loveit. So damn'd a lie did never malice yet invent; who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I shou'd love a Woman that can doat on a senceless Caper, a Tawdry French Riband, and a Formal Cravat!

Loveit. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much; go on, be the Game-Mistress o'the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from travail.

Loveit. Base and Scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a Woman of your Pride, Wit, and Quality!

Loveit. This Jealousy's a meer pretence, a cursed trick of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you can, I wou'd not have a Woman have the least good thought of me, that can think well of *Fopling*; farewel, fall too, and much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Loveit. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [*Ex.* Dorimant.

Loveit. Call him again.

Pert. E'ne let him go, a fair riddance.

Loveit. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it my concern. [*Ex.* Pert.

Bell. H'as frighted me from the very thoughts of loving men; for Heav'ns sake, my dear, do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue as much as you ought to have done his Friendship.

Pert. He's gone, Madam. [*Enter* Pert.

Loveit. Lightning blast him!

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back, he smil'd, made a mouth at me, flung into his Coach, and said——

Loveit. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated Verses.

Loveit. Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch when first I entertain'd this greater Devil, Monster, Barbarian; I could tear my self in pieces. Revenge, nothing but Revenge can ease me; Plague, War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring universal ruin and misery on mankind, with Joy I'd perish to have you in my power but this moment! [*Ex.* Loveit.

Pert. Follow, Madam, leave her not in this outragious passion. [Pert *gathers up the things.*

Bell. H'as given me the proof which I desired of his love,
But 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;
I wish I had not seen him use her so.
I sigh to think that *Dorimant* may be,
One day as faithless, and unkind to me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Lady* Woodvils *Lodgings.*

Enter Harriet, *and* Busy *her Woman.*

Busy. DEar Madam! Let me set that Curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy. Will you never leave this Wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy Officious Fingers!

Busy. Ah, the difference that is between you and my Lady *Dapper*! how uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her!

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting to make her ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering people say so!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in Publick to draw the tongues and Eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite of nature, as some men have done for Wit!

Busy. I hope without offence one may endeavour to make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not, when 'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing than Fools should be of talking; Hoods and Modesty, Masques and Silence, things that shaddow and conceal; they should think of nothing else.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your Mother think is become of you? for Heav'ns sake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Busy. This is the Extravagant'st thing that ever you did in your life, to leave her and a Gentleman who is to be your Husband.

Har. My Husband! Hast thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant when I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtsy, and *What you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient?*

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to *London*! Nothing else, I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man!

Har. The man indeed wears his Cloaths fashionably, and has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly, and much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles so agreeably, as he thinks.

Busy. I never saw any thing so gentile!

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a block-head makes a tolerable show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband, but there is duty i'the case——and like the Haughty *Merab*, I

Find much aversion in my stubborn mind,
Which, *Is bred by being promis'd and design'd.*

Busy. I wish you do not design your own ruine! I partly guess your inclinations, Madam —— that Mr. *Dorimant*——

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song or other.

Busy. I will, the Song you love so well ever since you saw Mr. *Dorimant*.

SONG.

When first Amintas *charm'd my heart,*
My heedless Sheep began to stray;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a prey.

Ah, let not love your thoughts possess,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
The dang'rous passion you must shun,
Or else like me be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a purchase? I need no Land; no, I'le lay my self out all in love. It is decreed——

Enter Y. Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous resolution are you making, Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that——

Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should have given you mine so willingly. Here I *Harriet*——

Y. Bell. And I *Harry*——

Har. Do solemnly protest——

Y. Bell. And vow——

Har. That I with you——

Y. Bell. And I with you——

Both. Will never marry——

Har. A match!

Y. Bell. And no match! How do you like this indifference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill, I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a little angry, you miss a Conquest; though you wou'd slight the poor man were he in your power.

Har. There are some, it may be, have an Eye like

Bart'lomew, big enough for the whole Fair; but I am not of the number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread. 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady whose dear Image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the Fair.

Har. You own, then, you are in love——

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in Love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I can scarce indure the Country in Landskapes and in Hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be hurry'd back to *Hampshire!*

Har. Ah——name it not!——

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough! wou'd we cou'd do something to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well; a reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the Game, we are undone! What think you of playing it on booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one another! 'twill make some dilatory excuses we may feign, pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear pleasure of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

Y. Bell. I'th'next Room! your Mother was censuring our modern Gallant.

Enter Old Bellair, *and Lady* Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come; I will lean against this

Wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you like an Amorous spark modishly entertain me.

L. Woodv. Never go about to excuse 'em; come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A Dod, they're something disrespectful——

L. Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not rally'd by every fleering Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have it's Jest, a Dod it will.

L. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players and *Exchange* Women; they are treated by 'em as much above their Condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out a pise on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring Beauty, no matter where they find it.

L. Wood. See your Son, and my Daughter, they have improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.

O. Bell. A Dod, methinks they have! Let's keep back and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may perswade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable——

Har. Your Head a little more on one side; ease your self on your left Leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your Belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your turn and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

Y. Bell. At one motion play your Fan, roul your Eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your Fan, look down upon it, and tell the Sticks with a Finger.

Har. Very Modish.

Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down

your Gown. Shrug a little, draw up your Breasts, and let 'em fall again, gently, with a Sigh or two, *&c.*

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malitious Observers who watch peoples Eyes, and from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some, indeed, who out of meer love to mischief are as vigilant as Jealousy it self, and will give you an account of every Glance that passes at a Play, and i'th'Circle!

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your Fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your Mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your Body a little forwards. So——now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your Face with it, and break out into a loud Laughter——take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of your self——admirably well acted!

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

O. Bell. A Dod, I like this well.

L. Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is Love i'th'case, a dod there is, or will be; what say you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir; you expect we should fall to, and Love as game-Cocks fight, as soon as we are set together; a Dod y'are unreasonable!

O. Bell. A Dod sirrah, I like thy wit well.

[*Enter a Servant.*

Servant. The Coach is at the Door, Madam.

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the Air together.

L. Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out a pize: A Dod I ha' business and cannot. We shall meet at night at my Sister *Townleys*.

Y. Bell. He's going to *Emilia*. I overheard him talk of a Collation. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter L. Townley, Emilia, *and Mr.* Medley.

L. Town. I pitty the young lovers, we last talk'd of, though to say truth their conduct has been so indiscreet, they deserve to be unfortunate.

Medley. Y'have had an exact account, from the great Lady i'th'Box down to the little Orange wench.

Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of Intelligence for these matters? the project may get Money.

L. Town. You would have great dealings with country Ladies.

Med. More than *Muddiman* has with their husbands.

[*Enter* Bellinda.

L. Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you! we have not seen you here of late with your friend Mrs. *Loveit.*

Bellin. Dear creature, I left her but now so sadly afflicted.

L. Town. With her old distemper, Jealousy?

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new prank.

Bell. Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worst man breathing.

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No indeed!

Bell. Oh Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and I will never believe what it says of a man I do not know again for his sake!

Bell. You make me wonder!

L. Town. He's a very well bred man.

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very Witty man!

Bell. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of Principles is a very fine thing indeed.

Bell. To be preferr'd to men of parts by Women who have regard to their Reputation and quiet. Well, were I minded to play the Fool, he shou'd be the last man I'd think of.

Med. He has been the first in many Ladyes favours, though you are so severe, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. *Loveit* as I have done, you wou'd never endure him more——

Emil. What, he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the slightest occasion; he's Jealous of Sir *Fopling.*

L. Town. She never saw him in her life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my Conscience! he's the only man in Town that's her aversion; how horribly out of humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And some body has wickedly told him——

Emil. Here he comes. [*Enter* Dorimant.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to justify your self——here's a Lady——

Bell. Has a word or two to say to you from a disconsolate person.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much, I know, Madam, to whisper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To serve Mrs. *Loveit,* I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's *Medley,* the very Spirit of Scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emil. 'Tis something you are unwilling to hear, Mr. *Dorimant.*

L. Town. Tell him, *Bellinda,* whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. *Loveit!* [*aloud.*

Dor. Softly, these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a Word, y'ave made me hate you, which I [*To* Dor. *apart.*
thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how could you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself to please you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bell. I sha' not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear, I say.

Bell. By my life! by all the happiness I hope for——

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should ha' fail'd you else!

Dor. Surprisingly kind! In what temper did you leave *Loveit?*

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd, and must return to her agen.

Dor. Perswade her to walk in the Mail this evening.

Bell. She hates the place, and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

Bell. You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'l ha'me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a business I can drudge on no longer. [*aloud.*

Emil. There are afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant.*

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without the Advantage be on your side, a man can never quietly give over when he's weary!

Med. If you would play without being obliged to complaisance, *Dorimant*, you should play in publick places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep play is now in private Houses. [Bellinda *offering to steal away.*

L. Town. Bellinda, are you leaving us so soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam—— [*Ex.* Bellinda.

L. Town. This confidence will go nigh to spoil this young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam. Young men who are brought up under practising Lawyers prove the abler Council when they come to be call'd to the Bar themselves——

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you use to have an Ambara's of Chaires and Coaches at your Door, an uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a noise of Fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my House is the general rendevouze, and next to the Play-house is the Common Refuge of all the Young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I wonder you do not love it a little more Chosen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an universal taste; we should love Wit, but for Variety be able to divert our selves with the Extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emil. For once or twice! but the repitition of their Folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia.*

[*Enter a Page.*

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if you are to be seen.

L. Town. Here's the freshest Fool in Town, and one who has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Page. Madam!

L. Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will shew the better.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools, and need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, *with his* Page *after him.*

Sir *Fop. Page*! Wait without. Madam, I kiss your [*To L.* Townly.
Hands; I see Yesterday was nothing of Chance, the bellès assemblès form themselves here every day. Lady, your [*To* Emilia.
servant; *Dorimant*, let me embrace thee; without lying, I have not met with any of my acquaintance, who retain so much of *Paris* as thou dost; the very air thou hadst when the Marquise mistook thee i'th'Tuilleries, and cry'd *Hey, Chevalier*, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can, Sir; 'tis a thing to be valu'd in men as well as Bawbles.

Sir *Fop.* Thou art a man of Wit, and understands the Town: prithee let thee and I be intimate, there is no living without making some good man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee! why hast thou so modest an opinion of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I could never keep a secret in my life, and then there is no charm so infallibly makes me fall in

love with a Woman as my knowing a Friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir *Fop.* Thy humour's very gallant, or let me perish; I knew a French Count so like thee.

L. Town. Witt I perceive has more power over you than Beauty, Sir *Fopling*, else you would not have let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sir *Fop.* A thousand pardons, Madam; some Civilities [*To* Emilia.

due of course upon the meeting a long absent Friend. The Eclat of so much beauty I confess ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The brillian of so much good language, Sir, has much more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sir *Fop.* I never saw any thing prettier than this high work on your Point D'espaigne——

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as Point *De Venice*——

Sir *Fop.* Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley?*

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Forgive me, Sir, in this Ambara's of Civilities, I could not come to have you in my Arms sooner. You understand an Equipage the best of any Man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir *Fop.* There are Criticks who do not write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sir *Fop.* Dam'em, they'l allow no Man Wit, who does not play the fool like themselves and show it! Have you taken notice of the Gallesh I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another Air, than th'English makes.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis as easily known from an English Tumbril, as an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bell-air in Galleshes as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sir *Fop.* The world is generally very grossier here, indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sir *Fop.* A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration, Ladies.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir *Fop.* The Tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut.

Sir *Fop.* It makes me show long-wasted, and I think slender.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech, though, is a handfull too high in my eye, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* Peace, *Medley,* I have wish'd it lower a thousand times, but a Pox on't, 'twill not be.

L. Town. His Gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir *Fop.* I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the most Famous hands in *Paris.*

Sir *Fop.* You are in the right, Madam.

L. Town. The Suit?

Sir *Fop.* Barroy.

Emilia. The Garniture?

Sir *Fop.* Le Gras——

Med. The Shooes?

Sir *Fop.* Piccar.

Dor. The Perriwig?

Sir *Fop.* Chedreux.

Town and *Emilia.* The Gloves?

Sir *Fop.* Orangerie! You know the smell, Ladies! *Dorimant,* I could find in my heart for an amusement to have a Gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be to satisfie the Town of your Courage.

Sir *Fop.* Here was a Woman yesterday——

Dor. Mistriss *Loveit.*

Sir *Fop.* You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee! what is she?

Dor. A person of Quality, and one who has a rest of Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable: besides I hear she likes you too!

Sir *Fop.* Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd and uneasie all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation: You will see her i'th' Mail to night.

Sir *Fop.* Prithee, let thee and I take the Air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley,* but I'le meet you at Saint *James*'s, and give you some information, upon the which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sir *Fop.* All the World will be in the Park to night: Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much Beauty longer within doors, and rob the Ring of all those Charms that should adorn it——Hey, Page.

[*Enter Page, and goes out again.*

See that all my People be ready. *Dorimant,* a Revoir.

Med. A fine mettl'd Coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and Insipid——

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'le lay my life he passes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature has her cheats, stum's a brain, and puts sophisticate dulness often on the tastless multitude for true wit and good humour. *Medley,* Come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i'the Mail.

Dor. I'le walk through the Garden thither, we shall meet anon and bow. [*To the Women.*

L. Town. Not to night! we are engag'd about a business, the knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your servant, Ladies.
Dor. A Revoir, as Sir *Fopling* says——
[*Ex.* Med. *and* Dor.
L. Town. The Old Man will be here immediately.
Emil. Let's expect him i'th'Garden——
Town. Go, you are a Rogue!
Emil. I can't abide you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Mail.

Enter Harriet, Y. Bellair, *she pulling him.*

Har. Come along.
Y. Bell. And leave your Mother?
Har. Busie will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us; but that's no matter.
Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.
Har. She'l believe it a freak of mine, and never blame your manners.
Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?
Har. A fellow-beauty of the last Kings time, though by the Ruines you would hardly guess it. [*Exeunt.*
[*Enter* Dorimant *and crosses the Stage.*

Enter Y. Bellair, *and* Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.
Har. If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now, that she might find me talking with him!
Y. Bell. She does not know him, but dreads him, I hear, of all Mankind.
Har. She concludes if he does but speak to a Woman she's undone; is on her knees every day to pray Heav'n defend me from him.
Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she does?

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed something extream delightful in his Wit and Person ?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says is so easie, and so natural.

Har. Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, but labour i'the one and affectation in the other to the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

Enter Dorimant *and stares upon her.*

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably pleas'd in him to call it humour.

[*Ex.* Y. Bellair *and* Harriet.

Dor. 'Tis she ! it must be she, that lovely hair, that easie shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her mouth, which *Medley* spoke of ; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my friend *Bellair*.

Ex. Dor. repeating. } *In Love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly ; They fly that Wound, and they pursue that dy.*

Enter Y. Bellair, *and* Harriet, *and after them* Dorimant *standing at a distance.*

Y. Bell. Most people prefer *High Park* to this place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess : but I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the Affected smiles, the silly by-Words, and amorous Tweers, in passing ; here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These conversations have been fatal to some of your Sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so ; because some who want temper

have been undone by gaming, must others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of Play ?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[*Coming up gently, and bowing to her.*

Har. Lord ! who's this ? [*She Starts and looks grave.*

Y. Bell. Dorimant !

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would have you marry ?

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her name ?

Y. Bell. Harriet.

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her face ; we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o'the sudden ! [*To* Harriet. A thousand smiles were shining in that Face but now ; I never saw so quick a change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within ; but he shall never know it. [*Aside.*

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam ; Pray what may be your stint ?

Har. A little harmless discourse in publick walks, or at most an appointment in a Box bare-fac'd at the Play-House ; you are for Masks, and private meetings, where Women engage for all they are worth, I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make one at small Game, when I like my Gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'l ha' no pleasure in't.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.

Har. The sordidness of mens natures, I know, makes 'em willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though they are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far'd in this Town like you, 'twould be a great Mortification to live on hope; could you keep a Lent for a Mistriss?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter, and though time be very precious, think forty daies well lost, to gain your favour.

Har. Mr. *Bellair*! let us walk, 'tis time to leave him, men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know y'are greedy of the praises of the whole Mail.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not; as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you were pleased when the *Fops* cry'd *She's handsome, very handsome, by God she is*, and whisper'd aloud your name; the thousand several forms you put your face into; then, to make your self more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd with your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly over your shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the mens as you do the Ladies Good liking, with a sly softness in your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, as you pass by 'em——as thus, Sir—— [*Acts him.*
Is not this like you?

Enter Lady Woodvil *and* Busy.

Y. Bell. Your Mother, Madam.
[*Pulls* Har. *She composes her self.*

L. Wood. Ah, my Dear child *Harriet!*

Busy. Now is she so pleased with finding her agen, she cannot chide her.

L. Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mail, Madam, the most entertaining time of all the Evening.

Har. I would fain see that *Dorimant*, Mother, you so cry out of, for a monster; he's in the *Mail* I hear.

L. Wood. Come away then! the plague is here, and you should dread the infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of the gentleman.

L. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him. He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam!

L. Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue, they say, would tempt the Angels to a second fall.

Enter Sir Fopling *with his Equipage, six Footmen, and a Page.*

Sir *Fop.* Hey, Champaine, Norman, La Rose, La Fleur, La Tour, La Verdure! Dorimant——

L. Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he names him; come away *Harriet*, come away.

Ex. L. Wood. Harr. Busy *and* Y. Bell.

Dor. This fool's coming has spoil'd all; she's gone, but she has left a pleasing Image of her self behind that wanders in my Soul——it must not settle there.

Sir *Fop.* What resverie is this! speak, man.

Dor. *Snatcht from my self how far behind*
Already I behold the shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, a discovery! I met with *Bellair.*

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came so near truth in your life, as you did in her description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. What ever I think of her, she thinks very well of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no I know not. Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came

Sir *Fopling*, mustering up his Equipage, and at the latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. Loveit and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em alight at St. *James*'s.

Dor. Sir *Fopling*, hark you, a word or two; [*Whispers.*

Look you do not want assurance.

Sir *Fop.* I never do on these occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your advantage of what I have told you; the next turn you will meet the Lady.

Sir *Fop.* Hey——Follow me all. [*Ex. Sir* Fopl. *& his Equipage.*

Dor. Medly, you shall see good sport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her in the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to night.

Med. Now you are here she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humor she's in, her love will make her do some very extravagant thing, doubtless.

Med. What was *Bellindas* business with you at my Lady *Townleys?*

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an Eclercismènt; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd this rancounter to make good my Jealousy.

Med. Here they come! [*Enter* Lov. Bell. *and* Pert.

Dor. I'le meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb Civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind her, when Sir *Fopling* sets upon her——

See how unregarded now
That piece of Beauty passes—— [*Ex.* Dor. *and* Med.

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's alwayes over-mannerly when he has done a mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a strange despising Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my Dear.

Loveit. I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me the loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still!

Loveit. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Loveit. I do not, and I will have you think so. What made you hale me to this odious place, *Bellinda?*

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a Coach; walking is much better.

Loveit. Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now!

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Loveit. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimants* suspicion, my Dear.

Loveit. He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bellin. aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make him fond of her again: I must disswade her from it. Lord! my Dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Loveit. 'Twill make him uneasie though he does not care for me; I know the effects of jealousie on men of his proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its operations are dangerous and uncertain.

Loveit. 'Tis the strongest Cordial we can give to dying Love, it often brings it back when there's no sign of life remaining: but I design not so much the reviving his, as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling *and his Equipage.*

Sir *Fop.* Hey! bid the Coach-man send home four of his horses, and bring the Coach to *White-Hall*, I'le walk over the Park——Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my Lady *Townleys!*

Loveit. You were very obliging, Sir *Fopling*, the last time I saw you there.

Sir *Fop.* The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your Servant; there never was so sweet an Evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis pity there's not an order made, that none but the Beau Monde should walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place: see what a sort of nasty Fellows are coming.

[*Enter four ill-fashion'd Fellows singing,*

'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.

Loveit. Fo! Their Perriwigs are scented with Tobacco so strong——

Sir *Fop.* It overcomes our pulvilio——Methinks I smell the Coffee-house they come from.

1 *Man. Dorimant*'s convenient, Madam *Loveit.*

2 *Man.* I like the oylie——Buttock with her.

3 *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

1 *Man.* A Caravan, lately come from *Paris.*

2 *Man.* Peace, they smoak.

There's something else to be done, &c. {*All of them Coughing.* [*Ex. Singing.*

Enter Dorimant *and* Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd——

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——seem earnest in discourse and shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'l use him.

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, my Dear.

Loveit. I see him, he comes insulting; but I will disappoint him in his expectation. [*Aside.*

To Sir Fopling.] I like this pretty nice humour of yours, Sir *Fopling*: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon those Fellows!

Sir *Fop.* I sat near one of 'em at a Play to day, and was almost poison'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves he wears——

Loveit. Oh! filthy Cordivant, how I hate the smell!

[*Laughs in a loud affected way.*

Sir *Fop.* Did you observe, Madam, how their Crevats hung loose an inch from their Neck, and what a frightful Air it gave 'em?

Loveit. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is alwaies spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking Flajolets who haunt the Mail o'nights——

Loveit. Oh! I remember him! He's a hollow Tooth enough to spoil the sweetness of an Evening.

Sir *Fop.* I have seen the tallest walk the streets with a dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Loveit. And a little Footboy at his Heels Pocket-high, with a Flat-cap——a durty Face——

Sir *Fop.* And a Snotty Nose——

Loveit. Oh——odious, there's many of my own sex with that *Holborn* Equipage trigg to *Grey's-Inn-Walks*; and now and then Travail hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

Loveit. Your Liveries are the finest, Sir *Fopling*——Oh, that Page! that Page is the prettily'st drest——they are all Frenchmen?

Sir *Fop.* There's one damn'd English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his Meine.

Loveit. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir *Fop.* Hey——I know not what to call him——

Loveit. What's your Name?

Footm. John Trott, Madam!

Sir *Fop.* O unsufferable! *Trott, Trott, Trott*! there's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants. What Countryman are you, Sirrah?

Footm. Hampshire, Sir!

Sir *Fop.* Then *Hampshire* be your name. Hey, *Hampshire!*

Loveit. O, that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of Quality!

Med. Dorimant, you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait. She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that!

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over——

Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses when they have found a Woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my Heart! I am concern'd, but dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [*to himself.*

Bell. [*Aside.*] I have watch'd his look, and find no alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of Jealousy would have appear'd.

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has reconcil'd you to the Scandalous Mail; we shall have you now hankering here agen——

Loveit. Sir *Fopling,* will you walk——

Sir *Fop.* I am all obedience, Madam——

Loveit. Come along then——and let's agree to be malitious on all the ill fashion'd things we meet.

Sir *Fop.* Wee'l make a Critick on the whole Mail, Madam.

Loveit. Bellinda, you shall engage——

Bell. To the reserve of our friends, my Dear.

Loveit. No! No Exceptions——

Sir *Fop.* Wee'l sacrifice all to our diversion——

Loveit. All——all——

Sir *Fop.* All.

Bell. All? Then let it be.

[*Ex. Sir* Fopling, Loveit, Bellinda, *and* Pert, *laughing.*

Med. Would you had brought some more of your Friends, *Dorimant,* to have been Witnesses of Sir *Foplings* disgrace and your Triumph——

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh at me; but pray do not expose me to the Town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit?

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling,* and only makes use of him in hope to work me on agen; had it not been for some powerful Considerations which will be remov'd to morrow morning, I had made her pluck off this mask, and shew the passion that lyes panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a Man from *Bellair,* with news of your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the consequence of our parting.

Footm. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady *Townleys* presently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with you. My Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*——

Footm. They have sent for the Fiddles and mean to Dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not

know you, and would have you own your self to be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.

Dor. That foppish admirer of Quality, who flatters the very meat at honourable Tables, and never offers love to a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother!

Med. You know the Character you are to act, I see!

Dor. This is *Harriets* contrivance——Wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young——Come along, *Medley*——

Med. This new Woman would well supply the loss of *Loveit*.

Dor. That business must not end so; before to morrow sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

And you and Loveit *to her cost shall find,*
I fathom all the depths of Womankind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Country dance.

Enter Dorimant, *L.* Woodvill, *Young* Bellair, *and Mrs.* Harriet, *Old* Bellair, *and* Emilia, *Mr.* Medley *and Lady* Townley; *as having just ended the dance.*

Old Bell. SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout, a Dod!

L. Town. How do you like *Emilia*'s dancing, Brother?

O. Bell. Not at all! not at all.

L. Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.

O. Bell. No matter for that; go, bid her dance no more, it don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I say so; [a Dod I love her. [*Aside.*

Dor. All people mingle now a days, Madam. And in [*To L.* Woodvill.

publick places Women of Quality have the least respect show'd 'em.

L. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr. *Courtage.*

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that uphold Quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.

L. Wood. Well! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em think what they will; Lewdness is the business now, Love was the bus'ness in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding to the young Men of this Age; they're generally only dull admirers of themselves, and make their Court to nothing but their Perriwigs and their Crevats, and would be more concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling of her head or Handkercher.

L. Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court well dress't to the Women of Quality, but their bus'ness is with the stale Mistresses of the Town, who are prepar'd to receive their Lazy addresses by industrious old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my Mothers humor so well, a little more and she'l dance a Kissing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty, by their talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landress or a Taylors daughter: they cry a Woman's past her prime at 20, decay'd at four and 20, old and unsufferable at 30.

L. Wood. Unsufferable at 30! That they are in the wrong, Mr. *Courtage*, at five and 30, there are living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay, Madam! there's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*, and my Lady *Lowd*! shew me among all our opening Buds, a face that promises so much Beauty as the remains of theirs.

L. Wood. The deprav'd appetite of this Vicious Age tast's nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when 'tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

L. Wood. I protest, Mr. *Courtage,* a dozen such good men as you, would be enough to attone for that wicked *Dorimant,* and all the under debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there ?

[Har. Emil. *Young* Bell. Med. *Lady* Town. *break out into a laughter.*

Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady has made, occasions a little laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle ! they are impatient till the Fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam ?

L. Wood. One Dance more ! I cannot refuse you, Mr. *Courtage.* [*They Dance.*

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

[*After the Dance,* O. Bellair, *singing and dancing up to* Emilia.

O. Bell. A Dod, Sirrah ; when I was a young fellow I could ha' caper'd up to my Womans Gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam——

L. Town. Wee'l walk into my Chamber and sit down.

Med. Leave us Mr. *Courtage,* he's a Dancer, and the young Ladies are not weary yet.

L. Wood. Wee'l send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send for Mr. *Dorimant.*

L. Wood. This Girls head, Mr. *Courtage,* is ever running on that wild fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. L.* Town. Wood. *and* Dorimant.

O. Bell. to Emilia] A Dod, sweet-heart, be advis'd, and do not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.

Emil. I have no such intention, Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man I spake of. A Dod, he loves thee, and will make a good Husband; but no words——

Emil. But Sir——

O. Bell. No answer——out a pize! peace! and think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dorim. Your company is desir'd within, Sir.

O. Bell. I go! I go! good Mr. *Courtage*——fare you well! Go! I'le see you no more. [*to* Emil.

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly! is she not, Mr. *Courtage?*

Emil. Better words, or I sha'nt abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize——a Dod, what does she say? Hit her a pat for me there. [*Exit Old* Bellair.

Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor. You'l spoil all with some unseasonable jest, *Medly*.

Med. You see I confine my Tongue, and am content to be a bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so! try her, you have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it! *Bellair*, here's a Lady has something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley*, we have both business with you.

Dor. Get you all together, then. [*To Harriet*] That demure curt'sy is not amiss in jest, but do not think in earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching, I find; from your grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn, and coldness in your look?

Har. From nature, Sir, pardon my want of art:
I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings
Which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a sweetness of your own, if you would but calm your frowns and let it settle.

Har. My Eyes are wild and wandring like my passions,
And cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of managing those messengers of Love! now they will look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if they were dying. They point and rebate their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough; but hate the set face that always looks as it would say *Come love me*. A woman, who at Playes makes the Deux yeux to a whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile, and let me see how well it will become you.

Har. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is, but I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of improvement, and shall do you Justice, Madam, if I chance to be at Court, when the Critiques of the Circle pass their judgment; for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and on the whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women, nay the very lovers who belong to the Drawing-room will malitiously allow you more than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they may

the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court as wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the foolish, all are free to censure.

Dor. aside]. I love her, and dare not let her know it, I fear sh'as an ascendant o're me and may revenge the wrongs I have done her sex. [*To her.* Think of making a party, Madam, love will engage.

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled Ague yet, but now and then have had irregular fitts.

Har. Take heed, sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the disease now spreading in me—— [*Aside.* Is the name of love so frightful that you dare not stand it? [*To her.*

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth on me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Har. To some easy Women, but we are not all born to one destiny; I was inform'd you use to laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak——

Har. If it be on that Idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my Eyelids fall and hang half o're my Eyes—— Thus—— while you buz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word! why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of Love! and how disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown strong enough to make

you bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling *and others in Masques.*

Dor. What's here, Masquerades ?

Har. I thought that foppery had been left off, and people might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by some who find themselves the more acceptable, the less they are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir *Fopling.*

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest ?

Med. A company of French Rascals whom he pick'd up in *Paris* and has brought over to be his dancing Equipage on these occasions ! Make him own himself ; a Fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is Incognito.

Sir *Fop.* Do you know me ? [*To* Harriet.

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you !

Sir *Fop.* Are you women as fond of a Vizard as we men are ?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masques, you see, Sir, but those which came with you ; this was intended a private meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you will discover your self and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir *Fop.* Dear *Bellair.* [*Pulling off his Mask.*

Med. Sir *Fopling* ! how came you hither ?

Sir *Fop.* Faith, as I was coming late from *White-Hall,* after the *Kings* Coucheé, one of my people told me he had heard Fiddles at my Lady *Townleys,* and——

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir *Fop. Dorimant,* let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir *Fopling* ! [*Whispers.*

Sir *Fop.* Enough, enough, Courtage. A pretty kind of young Woman that, *Medley*, I observ'd her in the Mail more Eveliè than our English Women commonly are, prithee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquetté in Town; beware of her.

Sir *Fop.* Let her be what she will, I know how to take my measures; in *Paris* the Mode is to flatter the Prudè, laugh at the Faux-proudè, make serious love to the Demi-proudè, and only railly with the Coquetté. *Medley*, what think you?

Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematicks, you may be out in your Judgment at Tennis.

Sir *Fop.* What a Coque a Lasne is this? I talk of Women and thou answer'st Tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir *Fop.* I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this Family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

Sir *Fop.* Ah! *Dorimant*, Courtage I would say, would thou hadst spent the last Winter in *Paris* with me. When thou wer't there La corneùs and Sallyes were the only habitudes we had, a Comedian would have been a boné fortune. No stranger ever pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen families, where all the Women of quality us'd to visit; I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women! our Language wants such little stories.

Sir *Fop.* Writing Madam's a Mechanick part of Witt! A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billèt.

Har. Bussiè was a Gentleman.

Sir *Fop.* Who, *D'Ambois?*

Med. Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

Har. Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rabutin.* He who writ the Loves of *France.*

Sir *Fop.* That may be, Madam! many Gentlemen do things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, Courtage, Women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with.

Har. I hope ye have weari'd your self to night at Court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir *Fop.* I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam ——*Dorimant*——

Dor. Again!

Sir *Fop.* Courtage, a pox on't! I have something to tell thee. When I had made my Court within, I came out and flung my self upon the Matt under the state i'th' outward room, i'th' midst of half a dozen Beauties who were withdrawn to jeèr among themselves, as they call'd it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir *Fop.* Not one of 'em, by Heav'ns! not I. But they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir *Fop.* Why, we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd no body but your self; they found me a man for their purpose.

Dor. I know you are malitious to your power.

Sir *Fop.* And faith! I had occasion to shew it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Birth-day.

Dor. You learn'd who the women were?

Sir *Fop.* No matter! they frequent the Drawing Room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expence of all the Fops who come there.

Sir *Fop.* That's their bus'ness; faith, I sifted 'em, and find they have a sort of wit among them——Ah filthy.

[*Pinches a Tallow Candle.*

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir *Fop.* How can you breathe in a Room where there's Grease frying! *Dorimant,* thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her for her own sake and the good Company that comes hither to burn Wax lights.

Har. What are these Masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir *Fop.* A set of Balladins, whom I pickt out of the best in *France* and brought over, with a Flutes deux or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you dance your self, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* And I had rather do it——all the company knows it——but Madam——

Med. Come, come! no excuses, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* By Heav'ns, *Medley*——

Med. Like a woman I find you must be struggl'd with before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he dance? [*Aside.*

Emil. And fence and sing too, if you'l believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to *Paris* a plain bashful English Blockhead, and is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fopp.*

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir *Fop.* Do not think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well bred to want that, Sir *Fopling.* I believe it want of power.

Sir *Fop.* By Heav'ns and so it is. I have sat up so Damn'd late and drunk so curs'd hard since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a Corant, a Boreè, or a Minnuét: but St. *Andrè* tells me, if I will but be regular in one Month I shall rise agen. Pox on this Debauchery. [*Endeavours at a Caper.*

Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended.

Sir *Fop.* It had the good Fortune to please in *Paris.* I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the Basqué, in an Entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us sit: here's a seat, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* At your feet, Madam; I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave, Gown.

Har. and Emil. Ah! you'l spoil it.

Sir *Fop.* No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures. I make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies. Hey—— [*Dance.*

Quon Comencè——to an English Dancer English motions! I was forc'd to entertain this Fellow, one of my set miscarrying——Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing, and put on the French Air: have you not a pattern before you——pretty well! imitation in time may bring him to something.

After the Dance enter Old Bellair, *L.* Woodvil *and* *L.* Townley.

O. Bell. Hey, a Dod! what have we here, a mumming?

L. Wood. Where's my Daughter——*Harriet!*

Dor. Here, here, Madam! I know not but under these disguises there may be dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady Warning!

L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. *Courtage.*

Har. Lord! how you admire this man!

L. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fopp.

L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant Fellow of the Times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places, suckt out of the remaining Lees of the last age.

L. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd——

L. Town. You'l have but little night to sleep in.

L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day——

Dor. The hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in love here to forget; I am flesh and blood yet. [*Aside.*

L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam!

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look in what a struggle is my poor Mother yonder!

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Complement!
Dor. She strains hard for it.
Har. See, see! her head tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under-lip trembling——
Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her Civility.
[*aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must fright her hence! she'l be an hour in this fit of good Manners else. [*To L. Wood.*]
Do you not know Sir *Fopling*, Madam?
L. Wood. I have seen that Face——Oh heav'n, 'tis the same we met in the Mail, how came he here?
Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call; no sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd with an Army of Masquerades straight.
L. Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtage*! for certain *Dorimant* is in the company.
Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not, you had best begon. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the hands of Mr. *Bellair*.
L. Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away.
Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!
L. Town. Light down there.
O. Bell. A Dod, it needs not——
Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvills* Coach to the Door quickly.
O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do that duty; we will drink a Glass of Wine together. 'Tis good after dancing! what Mumming spark is that?
Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.
Sir *Fop.* Hey! La Towèr.
Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling?*
Sir *Fop.* I have bus'ness with *Courtage*——
Med. He'l but put the Ladies into their Coach and come up agen.
O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a Bottle.
[*Ex. Old* Bell.

Enter Young Bellair.

Med. Where's *Dorimant?*

Y. Bell. Stoln home! he has had business waiting for him there all this night, I believe, by an impatience I observ'd in him.

Med. Very likely; 'tis but dissembling Drunkenness, railing at his friends, and the kind soul will embrace the blessing, and forget the tedious expectation.

Sir *Fop.* I must speak with him before I sleep!

Y. Bell. Emilia and I are resolved on that business.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, *and Buttler with a Bottle of Wine.*

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed. Fill, Boy! Mr. *Medley,* begin a health.

Med. To *Emilia.* [*whispers.*

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue and I'le not pledge you.

Med. I know you will.

O. Bell. A Dod, drink it then.

Sir *Fop.* Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A Dod, that is a hard word! what does it mean, Sir?

Med. A Catch or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it, then.

Sir *Fop.* Fill the Glasses round, and draw up in a Body. Hey! Musick!

They Sing.

The pleasures of love and the Joyes of good Wine,
To perfect our happiness wisely we joyn.
We to Beauty all day
Give the Soveraign sway,
And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.
At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
And when they are ended we follow the sport

To the Mall and the Park,
Where we love till 'tis dark;
Then sparkling Champaigne
Puts an end to their reign;
It quickly recovers
Poor languishing Lovers,
Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow.
But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.
Let every man stand
With his glass in his hand,
And briskly discharge at the word of Command.
Here's a health to all those
Whom to night we depose:
Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire.
Present all together; and now boyes give fire——

O. Bell. A Dod, a pretty bus'ness and very merry.

Sir *Fop.* Hark you *Medley*, let you and I take the Fiddles and go waken *Dorimant.*

Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess. For after the fatigue of this night, he'l quickly have his belly full: and be glad of an occasion to cry, *Take away, Handy.*

Y. Bell. I'le go with you, and there we'll consult about affaires, *Medly.*

O. Bell. looks on his Watch] A Dod, 'tis six a Clock.

Sir *Fop.* Let's away, then.

O. Bell. Mr. *Medley*, my Sister tells me you are an honest man. And a Dod, I love you. Few words and hearty, that's the way with old *Harry*, old *Harry.*

Sir *Fop.* Light your Flambeux. Hey!

O. Bell. What does the man mean?

Med. 'Tis day, Sir *Fopling.*

Sir *Fop.* No matter. Our Serenade will look the greater. *Ex. Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Dorimants *Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet,* &c. Handy *tying up Linnen.*

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown and* Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon ?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late ?

Dor. Call a Chair, *Handy* ! what makes you tremble so ?

Bell. I have a Thousand fears about me : have I not been seen, think you ?

Dor. By no body but my self and trusty *Handy.*

Bell. Where are all your people ?

Dor. I have disperst 'em on sleeveless Errants. What does that sigh mean ?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me ?——well—— [*Sighs.*

Were it to do again——

Dor. We should do it, should we not ?

Bell. I think we should : the wickeder man you to make me love so well——will you be discreet now ?

Dor. I will——

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell. You have no more power to keep the secret, than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the Joyes I have had, and those you keep in store——

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before——

Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall sooner betray her self to her husband——

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this than in an other thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that ?

Bell. That you would never see *Loveit* more but in publick places, in the Park, at Court and Playes.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not trust your promise.

Dor You may——

Bell. This does not satisfy me. You shall swear you never will see her more.

Dor. I will ! a Thousand oaths——by all——

Bell. Hold——you shall not, now I think on't better.

Dor. I will swear——

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think I owe your truth to that, not to your love.

Dor. Then, by my love ! no other Oath I'll swear.

Enter Handy.

Handy. Here's a Chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly, I fear.

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise me again ?

Bell. Not this fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you love me less ? [*Starting.*

Heark ! what Fiddles are these ? [*Fiddles without.*

Dor. Look out, *Handy !* [*Ex.* Handy *and returns.*

Hand. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*, they are coming up.

Dor. How got they in ?

Hand. The door was open for the Chair.

Bell. Lord ! let me fly——

Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs. I'll see you into your Chair.

Bell. No, No! stay and receive 'em. And be sure you keep your word and never see *Loveit* more. Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall——*Handy*, direct her. Everlasting love go along with thee. [*Kissing her hand.*

[*Ex.* Bellinda *and* Handy.

Enter Young Bellair, Medly, *and Sir* Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular fit, *Dorimant.*

Dor. I have.

Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen; when she falls kindly to work, great Cures are effected in little time, you know.

Sir *Fop.* We thought there was a Wench in the Case by the Chair that waited. Prithee make us a Confidancé.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir *Fop.* Lè sagè *Dorimant*——was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her Coach and pay Parish Duties if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by publick spirited men for the good of the whole Town.

Sir *Fop.* Well said, *Medley.*

[*Sir* Fopling *dancing by himself.*

Y. Bell. See Sir *Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practising and have a mind to recover, I see.

Sir *Fop.* Prethee *Dorimant*! why hast not thou a glass hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

Y. Bell. Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir *Fop.* But I mean in case of being alone. In a glass a man may entertain himself——

Dor. The shadow of himself, indeed.

Sir *Fop.* Correct the Errours of his motions and his dress.

Med. I find, Sir *Fopling*, in your Solitude, you remember the saying of the wise man, and study your self.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements. *Dorimant*, thou art a pretty fellow and wear'st thy cloaths well, but I never saw thee have a handsom Crevat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give another Aire to thy face. Prithee let me send my man to dress thee but one day. By Heav'ns an English man cannot tye a Ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumsy fisted——

Sir *Fop.* I have brought over the prettiest fellow that ever spred a Toilet; he serv'd some time under *Merille*, the greatest Genie in the world for a Valet d'Chambré.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke of *Candale*?

Sir *Fop.* The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'have a very fine Brandenburgh on, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* It serves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of a Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Periwig ty'd up.

Sir *Fop.* We should not alwaies be in a set dress, 'tis more en Cavalier to appear now and then in a dissabilleé.

Med. Pray how goes your bus'ness with *Loveit*?

Sir *Fop.* You might have answer'd your self in the Mail last night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the advances she made me? I have been endeavouring at a song!

Dor. Already!

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis my Coup d'Essay in English, I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir *Fop.* Hey! Page, give me my song——*Bellair*, here, thou hast a pretty voice, sing it.

Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*?

Sir *Fop.* I did, of *Lambert*, the greatest master in the

world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice, and care not to sing out of a ruél.

Dor. A ruèl is a pretty Cage for a singing Fop, indeed.

Y. Bellair *reads the Song.*

How Charming Phillis *is, how fair!*
Ah that she were as willing,
To ease my wounded heart of Care
And make her Eyes less killing.
I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,
And Love will not let me rest,
I drive about the Park, and bow
Still as I meet my dearest.

Sir *Fop.* Sing it, sing it, man, it goes to a pretty new tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist.*

Med. Sing it your self, Sir *Fopling*, he does not know the tune.

Sir *Fop.* I'll venture. [*Sir* Fopling *sings.*

Dor. Ay marry! now 'tis something. I shall not flatter you, Sir *Fopling*, there is not much thought in't. But 'tis passionate and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir Fop. That I aim'd at——does it not give you a lively image of the thing? Slap, down goes the Glass, and thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed; I perceive, Sir *Fopling*, you'l be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky in Compositions of this nature.

Enter Sir Foplings *Footman.*

Sir *Fop. La Tower*, is the Bath ready?

Footm. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Adieu don, Mes cheres. [*Ex. Sir* Fopling.

Med. When have you your revenge on Loveit, *Dorimant?*

Dor. I will but change my Linnen and about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd have bin remov'd, then.

Dor. Most luckily, this morning; you must along with me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

Dor. What's your business?

Med. Ma-tri-mony, an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time, *Dorimant*; what think you of Mrs. *Harriet?*

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves by their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a Lady, who would always quarrel with me when I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a day from her.

Y. Bell. My Father is in love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings, go on and prosper; I must to *Loveit*. *Medley*, I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

Med. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the same place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about, I think. I'll be at your Aunts anon and give you Joy, Mr. *Bellair*.

Y. Bell. You had not best think of Mrs. *Harriet* too much, without Church security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But——

The wise will find a difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Chair *with* Bellinda, *the men set it down and open it.* Bellinda *starting.*

Bellinda surpriz'd.] Lord! where am I? in the Mail! Whither have you brought me?

1 *Chairm.* You gave us no directions, Madam.

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. [*Aside.*

1 *Chairm.* We use to carry a Lady from the Squires hither.

Bell. This is *Loveit,* I am undone if she sees me. [*Aside.* Quickly carry me away.

1 *Chairm.* Whither, an't like your honour?

Bell. Ask no questions——

Enter Loveits *Footman.*

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her——

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam. She sent me to you this morning to desire your Company, and I was told you went out by five a Clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky! [*Aside.*

Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my Chair and follow, tell your Mrs. [*Ex.* Footm.
I am here. Take this! and if ever you should be examin'd, [*Gives the* Chairmen *Money.*
be sure you say, you took me up in the *Strand* over against the *Exchange,* as you will answer it to Mr. *Dorimant.*

Chairmen. We will, an't like your Honour.
[*Ex.* Chairmen.

Bell. Now to come off, I must on——
In Confidence and lies some hope is left;
'Twere hard to be found out in the first theft. [Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Mistris Loveit *and* Pert *her Woman.*

Pert. WELL! in my eyes Sir *Fopling* is no such despicable person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsom a man as Mr. *Dorimant*, and as great a Gallant.

Lov. Intolerable! is't not enough I submit to his impertinences, but I must be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed Madam——

Lov. 'Tis false, mercenary malice——

[*Enter her footman.*

Footm. Mrs. *Bellinda*, Madam——

Lov. What of her?

Footm. She's below.

Lov. How came she?

Footm. In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

Lov. He bring her! His Chair stands near *Dorimants* door, and always brings me from thence——run and ask him where he took her up; go, there is no truth in friendship neither. Women, as well as men, all are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her, her going out by five a Clock——I know not what to think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riser, I hear!

Bell. Do you not wonder, my Dear, what made me abroad so soon?

Lov. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord!

they have the oddest diversions!) would never let me rest till I promis'd to go with them to the Markets this morning to eat Fruit and buy Nosegays.

Lov. Are they so fond of a filthy Nosegay?

Bell. They complain of the stinks of the Town, and are never well but when they have their noses in one.

Lov. There are Essences and sweet waters.

Bell. O, they cry out upon perfumes they are unwholsome; one of 'em was falling into a fit with the smell of these narolii.

Lov. Methinks in Complaisance you shou'd have had a Nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could be so loathsome to trick my self up with Carnations and stock-Gillyflowers? I begg'd their pardon and told them I never wore any thing but Orange Flowers and Tuberose. That which made me willing to go was, a strange desire I had to eat some fresh Nectaren's.

Lov. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Lov. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach and took a Chair to come and see you, my Dear.

Lov. Whither did you send for that Chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Lov. Where do these country Gentlewomen lodge, I pray?

Bell. In the *Strand* over against the Exchange.

Pert. That place is never without a Nest of 'em, they are always as one goes by flearing in Balconies or staring out of Windows.

Enter Footman.

Lov. [*To the Footm.*] Come hither. [*Whispers.*

Bell. Aside.] This fellow by her order has been questioning the Chairmen! I threatn'd 'em with the name of

Dorimant; if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

Lov. In the *Strand*, said you ?

Footm. Yes, Madam, over against the *Exchange*.

[*Exit* Footman.

Lov. She's innocent, and I am much to blame.

Bell. Aside.] I am so frighted, my countenance will betray me.

Lov. Bellinda ! what makes you look so pale ?

Bell. Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious Hackney. [Footman *returns*.

Footm. Madam ! Mr. *Dorimant !*

Lov. What makes him here ?

Bell. Aside.] Then I am betray'd indeed, h'has broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord ! you faint, *Bellinda !*

Bell. I think I shall ! such an oppression here on the sudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much fruit, I warrant you.

Lov. Not unlikely !

Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

Loveit. Have her into my Chamber, give her some Surfeit Water, and let her lye down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam ! I was a strange devourer of Fruit when I was young, so ravenous——

[*Ex.* Bell. *and* Pert *leading her off*.

Loveit. Oh that my Love would be but calm awhile ! that I might receive this man with all the Scorn and indignation he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey——Page——Give positive order that none of my People stir——Let the Canaile wait as they should do—— Since noise and nonsence have such pow'rful charms,

I, that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.

Loveit. If that would do, you need not change from what you are; you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling.* Hey, *Hampshire*——Oh——that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of Quality.

Loveit. Is there a thing so hateful as a senceless Mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who like your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Loveit. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of the Ape, than the Ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a Sheer Mimick as your self, yet were he all Ape I should prefer him to the Gay, the Giddy, Brisk-insipid Noisy fool you doat on.

Loveit. Those Noisy-fools, however you despise 'em, have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought at least) with us Women, than all the pernicious Wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their Merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Loveit. You'l despise 'em as the dull effects of Ignorance and Vanity! yet I care not if I mention some. First, they really admire us, while you at best but flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can dissemble too——

Loveit. They may! but not so artificially as you—— There is no fear they should deceive us! Then they are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service, and always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idleness! They know not how to entertain themselves at home, and find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you who countenance 'em, as a refuge against the solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Loveit. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Gloves,

commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut and shaded after the new way——

Loveit. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others than to be laugh'd at our selves, though never so wittily. Then though they want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so well, they save us the labour! we need not take that care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love, which we so often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of themselves, and alwaies better of you than you deserve.

Loveit. You are in the right, they have an implicit faith in us which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of clearing doubts which your subtle and causeless Jealousies every moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred falshood in Women, which inclines 'em still to them, whom they may most easily deceive.

Loveit. The man who loves above his quality, does not suffer more from the insolent Impertinence of his Mistress, than the Woman who loves above her understanding does from the arrogant presumptions of her friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools, they are design'd for properties and not for friends; you have an indifferent stock of reputation left yet. Lose it all like a frank Gamester on the Square, 'twill then be time enough to turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a good Substantial Bubble.

Loveit. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for properties indeed, but Young and Handsome fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the shame of your sex be it spoken; 'twas this, the thought of this, made me by a timely Jealousy endeavour to prevent the good fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopling*——But against a Womans frailty all our Care is vain.

Loveit. Had I not with a dear experience bought the

knowledge of your falshood, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first Jealousie you have feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week to throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable Slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, never want th'address to turn the fault on him.

Loveit. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that the Town may know the power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Loveit. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn out in me that I did doubt it too! what made you come to disturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

Loveit. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, the only Author of my Shame! this from another had been but Justice, but from you, 'tis a hellish and inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd last night with Sir *Fopling*.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talk't and laught aloud Ha, ha, ha——Oh, that laugh, that laugh becomes the confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a womans reputation than in the indearments of her love, reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name the man can lay a blemish on my fame.

Dor. To be seen publickly so transported with the Vain Follies of that Notorious Fop, to me is an infamy below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the Justice of what I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of a passion you may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown ?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay ! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your Letters you have so often askt for : I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not—— there——and may the perjuries in 'em be mine if ere I see you more.

Lov. Stay ! [*Offers to go, she catches him.*

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say ?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in Commendation of the fool. Death ! I want patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot.

I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. [*Aside.*

I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then ?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing you ne're could do before, and in revenge I did——I know not what I did : ——Would you would not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is Rhetorically drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite ! Come, forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my reputation, you are too careless of it. [*Pauses*] You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in the Mail again to night.

Lov. What mean you ?

Dor. I have thought on it, and you must. 'Tis necessary to justify my love to the World : you can handle a coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out of humour, Madam !

Lov. Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done you ! This is some new device to make me more ridiculous !

Dor. Hear me !

Lov. I will not !

Dor. You will be perswaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate ?

Lov. Are you so base ?

Dor. You will not satisfy my love ?

Lov. I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to save you from a thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your vanity.

Dor. Farewel, false woman !

Lov. Do ! go !

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquisite fiend ! I knew you came but to torment me.

Enter Bellinda *and* Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd.] *Bellinda* here !

Bell. Aside.] He starts ! and looks pale, the sight of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a qualm as I said, a little indigestion ; the Surfeit Water did it, Madam, mixt with a little Mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded ! and cannot guess how she came hither !

Lov. 'Tis your fortune, *Bellinda*, ever to be here, when I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here ! how has he the face to come near you ?

Dor. Aside.] Here is fine work towards! I never was at such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profession of breach of faith and Ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I must submit to their Tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have some sense of shame! he is never well but when he triumphs, nay! glories to a Womans face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda*, but me thinks your kindness for me makes you concern your self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed, my Dear! His barbarous carriage to you yesterday, made me hope you ne'r wou'd see him more, and the very next day to find him here again, provokes me strangely: but because I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach't me handsomly, and I deserve it for coming hither, but——

Pert. You must expect it, Sir! all Women will hate you for my Ladies sake!

Dor. Nay, if she begins too, 'tis time to fly! I shall be scolded to death else.

[*Aside to* Bellinda.
I am to blame in some circumstances I confess; but as to the Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine.
I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

Loveit. Do it now! what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Loveit. These are weak pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life, and so farewell. [Dorimant *flings off.*

Loveit. Call a Footman! *Pert*! quickly, I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not, for my quiet and your own.

Loveit. I'll find out the infamous cause of all our quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her bare-fac'd to the world.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, I'll never venture more. [*Aside.*

Loveit. Bellinda! you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I would fain go home and sleep, my Dear.

Loveit. Death! and Eternal darkness! I shall never sleep again. Raging Feavours seize the world, and make mankind as restless all as I am. [*Ex.* Loveit.

Bell. I knew him false, and help'd to make him so! Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been, but love can take no warning.

[*Ex.* Bell.

SCENE II. *Lady* Townleys *House.*

Enter Medly, Young Bellair, *Lady* Townly, Emilia *and* Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, *Bellair*, and do not let us see that repentance in thine, we daily do in Married faces.

L. Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize my Brother when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam; since Marriage has lost its good name, prudent men seldom expose their own reputations till 'tis convenient to justify their Wives.

Old Bell. [*without*] Where are you all there? Out, a Dod, will no body hear?

L. Town. My Brother! quickly, Mr. *Smirk*, into this Closet; you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet.*

Enter Old Bellair *and L.* Townleys Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlor,

I will be with him presently——Where have you been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day ? [*To Y.* Bellair.

Y. Bell. About a business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at business ? a Dod, I have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a Parson, Sister ; my Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are coming.

L. Town. What need you huddle up things thus ?

O. Bell. Out a pise, youth is apt to play the fool, and 'tis not good it should be in their power.

L. Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell. H'has been idling this morning, and a Dod I do not like him. How dost thou do, sweet heart ?

[*To* Emilia.

Emil. You are very severe, Sir : Marri'd in such haste !

O. Bell. Go too, thou'rt a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady *Woodvill* come.

[*Enter L.* Woodvill, Harriet *and* Busy.

Welcome, Madam ; Mr. *Furb*'s below with the Writings.

L. Wood. Let us down and make an end, then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the way.

[*To* Y. Bell, *who is talking to* Harriet.

Harry, your business lyes not there yet ! excuse him till we have done, Lady, and then a Dod he shall be for thee. Mr. *Medley*, we must trouble you to be a witness.

Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex.* O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. *L.* Townly *and* *L.* Woodvill.

Busy. What will you do, Madam ?

Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the Country agen, run away here, any thing, rather than be marry'd to a man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia*, do thou advise me !

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd, you know.

Har. I do ; but know not what the fear of losing an estate may fright him to.

Emil. In the desp'rate condition you are in, you should

consult with some judicious man; what think you of Mr. *Dorimant?*

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else, I am sure——

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage!*

Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little mirth, you believe I like the man.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldome in the right when they guess at a womans mind; would she whom he loves lov'd him no better!

Busy. Aside.] That's e'n well enough on all conscience.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of pains to shew it.

Emil. He's extremely well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.

Busy. You defend him still against your Mother.

Har. I would not were he justly rallied, but I cannot hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your woman learnt the Song you were so taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at second hearing.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me sing it at least a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the song and I shall appease her.

Emil. Prethee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your Ears worse than a Cat-call, and dresses so ill she's scarce fit to trick up a Yeomans Daughter on a Holyday.

Busy *Sings.*

Song by Sir C. S.

As Amoret *with* Phillis sat
One Evening on the plain,

And saw the charming Strephon *wait*
To tell the Nymph his pain,

The threatning danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah Phillis, *if you would not love,*
This Shepheard do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art
His passion to convey
Into a listning Virgins heart
And steal her Soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter *Dorimant.*

Dor. *Musick so softens and disarms the mind.*

Har. *That not one Arrow does resistance find.*

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute, then.

Har. Aside turning from Dorimant.] My love springs with my blood into my Face, I dare not look upon him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of a celebrated Beauty, giving Audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fop, and make the piece compleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd? The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd and wrought in a suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute fools in Effigie who suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. To Emilia *aside.*] Mrs. Bride, for such I know this happy day has made you——

Emil. Defer the formal joy you are to give me, and mind your business with her——[*Aloud*] Here are dread-

ful preparations, Mr. *Dorimant*, Writings sealing, and a Parson sent for——

Dor. To marry this Lady——

Busy. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the distressed. But I will open my heart and receive you, where none yet did ever enter——You have fill'd it with a secret, might I but let you know it——

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it; your Tongue is so fam'd for falshood 'twill do the truth an injury. [*Turns away her head.*

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to faces? that Women now adays have their passions as much at will as they have their Complexions, and put on joy and sadness, scorn and kindness, with the same ease they do their Paint and Patches——Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my Eyes; by all the hope I have in you, the inimitable colour in your cheeks is not more free from art than are the sighs I offer.

Har. In men who have been long harden'd in Sin, we have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of such a Heav'n will make me persevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship and in Wine, sacrifice to you all the interest I have in other Women——

Har. Hold——Though I wish you devout, I would not

have you turn Fanatick——Could you neglect these a while and make a journey into the Country ?

Dor. To be with you I could live there : and never send one thought to *London.*

Har. What e're you say, I know all beyond *High-Park*'s a desart to you, and that no gallantry can draw you farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost limit of my Love—— but now my passion knows no bounds, and there's no measure to be taken of what I'll do for you from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire,* I shall begin to think there may be some little truth inlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all——will you not promise me——

Har. I hate to promise ! what we do then is expected from us, and wants much of the welcom it finds, when it surprizes.

Dor. May I not hope ?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis to no purpose to forbid it. [*Turns to* Busy.

Busy. Faith Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no sense of Modesty ?

Busy. Think, if you lose this you may never have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frights me when I speak it !) if ever I do a thing against the rules of decency and honour.

Dor. [*To Emilia.*] I am beholding to you for your good intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage from her might have done you better service.

Dor. Try her again——

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam ? The time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate, and protest against this Marriage.

Enter L. Townly *in haste.*

L. Town. [*To Emilia.*] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. *Smirk* out of the Closet. [Smirk *comes out of the Closet.*

Har. A Parson! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion of my easiness may cost you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, *and L.* Woodvill.

O. Bell. Out a pise! the Canonical hour is almost past; Sister, is the man of God come?

L. Town. He waits your leasure——

O. Bell. By your favour, Sir. A Dod, a pretty spruce fellow! what may we call him?

L. Town. Mr. *Smirk*! my Lady *Biggots* Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise woman! a Dod she is. The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit. Please you, Sir, to Commission a young Couple to go to Bed together a Gods name?——*Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir——

O. Bell. Out a pise, without your mistriss in your Hand!

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir!

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure, you are, Sir!

O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the bains, Mr. *Smirk*; I hope you have no pretention to the Lady!

Smirk. Wish him joy, Sir! I have done him the good office to day already.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what do I hear?

L. Town. Never storm, Brother, the truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your wedding day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a Dod, it shall be mine too; give me thy [*To* Emilia.

hand, sweet-heart; what dost thou mean? Give me thy hand, I say.

[Emilia *kneels and* Y. Bell.

L. Town. Come, come, give her your blessing; this is the woman your Son lov'd and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance, Sister!

L. Town. What would you do with her? She's a Rogue, and you can't abide her.

Medley. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod, you are all Rogues, and I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither? whither away?

Medley. Let him go and cool awhile!

L. Wood. to Dorimant.] Here's a business broke out now, Mr. *Courtage*; I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

L. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some trick put upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer. *Harriet*! dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country straight.

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, you shall hear me first——

Enter Loveit, *and* Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my man dogg'd him!——

Bell. Yonder he stands, my Dear.

Lov. I see him.——

[*Aside*

And with him the face that has undone me! oh that I were but where I might throw out the Anguish of my heart; here it must rage within and break it.

L. Town. Mrs. *Loveit*! are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary——

Dor. Aside.] *Loveit* and *Bellinda*! the Devil owes me a shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia*! how am I transported with the news!

Har. to Dorimant.] I little thought *Emilia* was the woman Mr. *Bellair* was in love with——I'll chide her for not trusting me with the secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit?*

Har. She's a fam'd Mrs. of yours, I hear——

Dor. She has been, on occasion!

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

[*To L.* Woodvill.

L. Wood. You need make no more Apologies, Sir!

Emil. to Loveit.] The old Gentleman's excusing himself to my Lady *Woodvil.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She's extreamly overjoy'd at something. [*To* Dor.

Dor. At nothing; she is one of those hoyting Ladies, who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, when their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self with laughing——Mr. *Dorimant*! are you a Brideman?

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*! is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you, I suppose.

L. Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here, more knavery yet?

L. Wood. Harriet! on my Blessing, come away, I charge you.

Har. Dear Mother! do but stay and hear me.

L. Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone, I fear.

Har. Do not fear it——I have not, nor never will do any thing against my duty——believe me! dear Mother, do.

Dor. to Lov.] I had trusted you with this secret but that I knew the violence of your Nature would ruin my fortune, as now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Lov. She's an Heiress, I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you, I must give up my interest wholly to

my Love; had you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy——

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of this kind, you know you might. Why did you go under a wrong name?

Dor. The story is too long to tell you now; be satisfy'd, this is the business; this is the Masque has kept me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my honour, though he's cruel to my Love. [*Aside.*

Loveit. Was it no idle Mistress, then?

Dor. Believe me, a Wife, to repair the ruines of my estate that needs it.

Loveit. The knowledge of this makes my Grief hang lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is impossible——Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. Th' extravagant words they speak in love; 'tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry——when I see you next——

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. *Loveit?*

Bell. By a mistake the Chairmen made for want of my giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet agen.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

L. Town. Men of Mr. *Dorimants* character, always suffer in the general opinion of the world.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from common fame, considering the prevailing faction, Madam——

O. Bell. A Dod, he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common errour among Women, to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A Dod, he observes well.

L. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. *Dorimant* as civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage.*

Har. If you would but know him better——

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better! Come away——You shall never see him more——

Har. Dear Mother, stay——

L. Wood. I wo'not be consenting to your Ruine——

Har. Were my fortune in your power——

L. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient, I might take it out of yours, and put it into his.

L. Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you would Marry this *Dorimant!*

Har. I cannot deny it! I would, and never will marry any other man.

L. Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never Marry him against your will——

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart. [*Aside.* Upon your self light your undoing. [*To* Har.

Med. [*to O. Bell.*] Come, Sir, you have not the heart any longer to refuse your blessing.

O. Bell. A Dod, I ha'not——Rise, and God bless you both ——Make much of her, *Harry,* she deserves thy kindness ——A Dod, sirrah, I did not think it had been in thee. [*To* Emilia.

Enter Sir Fopling *and 's Page.*

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis a damn'd windy day! Hey, Page! Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir *Fop.* Pox o' this apartment, it wants an Antichamber

o adjust ones self in. Madam! I came from your house
[*To* Loveit.
nd your Servants directed me hither.
Loveit. I will give order hereafter they shall direct you
etter.
Sir *Fop.* The great satisfaction I had in the Mail last
ight has given me much disquiet since.
Loveit. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.
Sir *Fop.* What the Devil makes her so reserv'd? Am I
uilty of an indiscretion, Madam?
Loveit. You will be of a great one, if you continue your
nistake, Sir.
Sir *Fop.* Something puts you out of humour.
Loveit. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever
id.
Sir *Fop.* Is it in my power?
Loveit. To hang or drown it; do one of 'em, and trouble
ne no more.
Sir *Fop.* So fierè? Serviteur, Madam——*Medley*!
here's *Dorimant?*
Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those
dvances to day she did last night, Sir *Fopling*——
Sir *Fop.* Prithee do not talk of her.
Med. She would be a bone fortune.
Sir *Fop.* Not to me, at present.
Med. How so?
Sir *Fop.* An intrigue now would be but a temptation to
e to throw away that Vigour on one, which I mean shall
nortly make my Court to the whole sex in a Ballet.
Med. Wisely consider'd, Sir *Fopling.*
Sir *Fop.* No one woman is worth the loss of a Cut in a
aper.
Med. Not when 'tis so universally design'd.
L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in
our behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the
rong.

Lov. There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in this world! all men are Villains or Fools; take example from my misfortunes, *Bellinda*; if thou would'st be happy, give thy self wholly up to goodness.

Har. to Loveit.] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another——

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house, and never see the world again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a belle passion.

Lov. Hold, heart! till I get home! should I answer 'twould make her Triumph greater. [*Is going out.*

Dor. Your hand, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir *Fop.* Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee!

[*Ex.* Lov.

Med. Dorimant! I pronounce thy reputation clear ——and henceforward when I would know any thing of woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

Sir *Fop.* Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant*, thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leasure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?

L. Town. He'll be an excellent entertainment within, Brother, and is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

L. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. Town. What do you mean, Madam?

L. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to *Hartly*——

O. Bell. A Dod, you shall stay and dine first! come, we will all be good friends, and you shall give Mr. *Dorimant* leave to wait upon you and your daughter in the Country.

L. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now so good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'l find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my self, Sir, perch'd up on Chairs at a distance in a large parlour; sitting moping like three or four Melancholy Birds in a spacious vollary——Does not this stagger your Resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam! The first time I saw you, you left me with the pangs of Love upon me, and this day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the Country! *Emilia*! pitty me, who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the hateful noise of Rooks already——Kaw, Kaw, Kaw——There's musick in the worst Cry in *London! My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle!*

O. Bell. Sister! knowing of this matter, I hope you have provided us some good Chear.

L. Town. I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too——

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall have a dance before she departs. [*Dance.*

[*After the Dance.*

So, now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding day——

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoyce, [*To the Pitt.*

A Dod, the Boy has made a happy choice. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The EPILOGUE by Mr *Dryden.*

MOST Modern Wits, such monstrous Fools have shown,
They seem'd not of heav'ns making but their own.
Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to View,
That, Gallants, it may more resemble you:
Sir Fopling *is a Fool so nicely writ,*
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit,
And, when he sings, talks lowd, and cocks; wou'd cry,
I now methinks he's pretty Company,
So brisk, so gay, so travail'd, so refin'd!
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True Fops help Natures work, and go to school,
To file and finish god-a'mighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling *him, or him can call;*
He's Knight o'th'Shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls what e're he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes.
His various modes from various Fathers follow,
One taught the Toss, and one the new French *Wallow.*
His Sword-knot, this; his Crevat, this design'd,
And this, the yard long Snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,
Which Wind ne're blew, nor touch of Hat prophan'd.
Anothers diving Bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before:
Till he with full Decorum brings it back,
And rises with a Water Spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who Write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

FINIS.

TEXTUAL NOTES

THE following notes contain, besides variant readings of some importance for the elucidation of the text, a number of examples which are included only as evidence of its gradual corruption, and of the relations between different editions.

In the notes to *The Comical Revenge*, a reading followed by "1664" is found in both the 1664 quartos; where they differ, they are distinguished as "1664a" [Q. 1] and "1664b" [Q. 2]. In the notes to *She wou'd if she cou'd* and *The Man of Mode*, the readings of T. Johnson's undated editions, if not specifically mentioned, are identical with those of the octavos of 1710 and 1711.

1. 11. him go 1664a; him to go 1664b–1735, *Verity*.
2. 21. Ian! Villian! *present text*; Ian Villian 1664–97; Ian Villain 1704–35; Ian villain, *Verity* (who appends the foot-note "Meant for 'damn villains'?"). But Dufoy is merely calling the footmen, John and William, in his broken English; *cf.* 35. 14.
2. 11. no me 1664–97; me no 1704–35, *Verity*.
6. 134. but de Bedlamé 1664; but Bedlamé 1667–1735, *Verity*.
8. 203. the Widow has 1664–7, 1689–97; has the Widow 1669, 1704–35; has the widow *Verity*.
11. 9. story 1664; stories 1667–9, *Verity*; Stories 1689–1735.
13. 49. let us 1664–7; let's 1669–1735, *Verity*.
18. 53. excess 1704–15, *Verity*; Excess 1723–35; access 1664–97.
19. 93. which 1664; that 1667–1735, *Verity*.
25. 72. Top 1664–7; top 1669–97; tope 1704–35, *Verity*.
30. 14. that that 1664; that 1667–1735, *Verity*.
32. 71. My Sobriety. 1664–7, 1689–97; My Word. 1704–35; my word. *Verity*. (In the quarto of 1669 the type of these words, which are at the foot of a page, has dropped out, leaving only the name of the speaker.)
33. 1. ever 1664. This word is omitted in 1667–1735 and *Verity*.
37. 26. Alon; 1664–97; Along; 1704–35, *Verity*.

43. 105. cruel eyes 1664 ; cruel ties 1667 ; cruelties 1669, *Verity* ; Cruelties 1689–1735.
50. 20. I am 1664–7 ; am I 1669–1735, *Verity*.
50. 25. her self 1664–7 ; her 1669–1735, *Verity*.
50. 36. your 1664. This word is omitted in 1667–1735 and *Verity*.
51. 72. [*Ex.* Cul. *present text*. Cully's exit at this point is obvious, and has been indicated in all editions since 1689, but it was not shown in any quarto until the " [*Exit* Culley." of 1689.
55. 85. Heaven with such a Conquest favours few 1664b–1697 ; Heave with such a Conquest favours few 1664a ; Heav'n does with such a Conquest favour few 1704–35 ; Heaven does with such a conquest favour few *Verity*.
55. 108. you 1664–7, 1697, 1735 ; ye 1669–90, 1704–23, *Verity*.
56. 9. L. *Bevill weeping*. 1664–7 ; *L. Bevil.* Weeping ! 1669 ; L. *Bevil.* Weeping 1689–97 ; L. *Bev.* Weeping ! 1704–35 ; *L. Bev.* Weeping ! *Verity*.
58. 14–15. *a shut* 1664–97 ; *and shut* 1704–35. Verity alters radically, and instead of *a shut . . . lock'd* reads *which should at the top be locked.* But see *General Notes*.
58. 19. ply 1664–90 ; play 1697–1735, *Verity*. See *General Notes*.
59. 38. ferbon mine, Monsieur ; *present text* ; ferbon, mine Monsieur, 1664–7, 1689–97 ; forbon, mine Monsieur 1669, 1704 ; forbon mine, Monsieur 1715 ; *fourbon Mine*. Monsieur, 1723–35 ; *fort bonne mine*, monsieur. *Verity*.
59. 53. have de verié 1664a ; have verié 1664b, 1667–1735, *Verity*.
66. 1–2. *hout* 1664–1735 ; *shout* Verity. But the word is merely " hoot."
67. 15. Casks 1689–1735 ; casks *Verity* ; Cask 1664–9.
67. 18. an 1664–1735 ; on *Verity*. But " an edge " is not wrong ; it is used by Shakespeare's Hotspur in I Hen. IV, III. i. 133.
70. 104. self, Sir ; I 1664 ; self, I 1667–1735, *Verity*.
70. 117. do the *present text* ; Do the 1664 ; Do you the 1667–97 ; do you The 1704–35 ; do you the *Verity*. (The capitals in 1664–1735 are due to the beginnings of lines.)
75. 258. beholden 1664, 1723–35 ; beholding 1667–1715, *Verity*.
75. 285. Shentelman sheté ; 1664 ; Shentelmen sheté ; 1667–97, 1704 ; Shentlemen sheté ; 1715–35 ; shentelmen, *Verity*.
80. 48. take *Grace* here, *present text* ; take *Grace* Here, 1664–7, 1689–97 ; take *Grace*. Here, 1669, 1704–35 ; Take Grace : here, *Verity*. (The capital H in the quartos was required for the beginning of a new line.)

83. 82–3. All previous editions divide the sentences after "self", not "day".
84. 112. Catch-poles 1664–97, 1715–35; Coach-poles 1704; coach-poles *Verity*.
85. 133. vill 1664b–67; will 1664a, 1669–1735, *Verity*.
96. 183. taking all the days *Verity*; taking days 1668–71; taking, days 1693; Taking all the Days 1704, 1715–35; taking, in all the days 1710.
98. 238–9. that there has 1668–71; that she has 1693, 1710, *Verity*; That she has 1704, 1715–35.
100. 55. I ever 1668–93, 1710; ever I 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
102. 132. Husband, and then 1668; Husband, then 1671–1735; husband; then *Verity*.
106. 71. forswear 1668; swear 1671–1735, *Verity*.
106. 83. at Course a Park, *present text*; At Course a Park, 1668–93, 1710; at course a Park, *Johnson*; a Course at Park, 1704, 1715–35; a course at park *Verity*.
108. 146. but be 1668; be but 1671–1735, *Verity*.
119. 23. be so too? 1668, 1693, 1710; be soo? 1671; be so? 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
119. 37. help to carry 1668–93, 1710; help carry 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
120. 73. They were 1668–93, 1710; They are 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
122. 125. did but 1668–93, 1710, 1723–35, *Verity*; did not 1704, 1715.
122. 134. but two 1668–93, 1710, 1723–35, *Verity*; but now 1704, 1715.
123. 154. This speech of Lady Cockwood's is found only in 1668.
123. 167. This line was placed after the stage direction "*All* go . . . *La.* Cockwood." until 1704.
124. 193. The misprint "and a A Fiddle" in 1668 is due to the compositor's printing "a" at the end of a line, and accidentally repeating it at the beginning of the next.
126. By an oversight in 1668 the second scene is headed not "SCENE II.", as in 1671 and thereafter, but merely "SCENE."
131. 76. in a readiness 1668–71; in readiness 1693–1735, *Verity*.
132. 92. odd 1668; old 1671–1735, *Verity*.
136. 240. 'en Masquerade 1668–93; in Masquerade 1704–35; in masquerade *Verity*.
138. 303. you, Brother 1693, 1710; you Brother 1668–71, 1715–35; your Brother 1704; your brother *Verity*.

139. 327. and a shame 1668–71 ; and a Shame 1693 ; and Shame 1704–35 ; and shame *Johnson, Verity.*

142. 441–2. See *General Notes.*

143. 6. Name 1668–93, 1710 ; name *Johnson* ; Names 1704, 1715–35 ; names *Verity.*

151. 54. handkercher 1668–71, *Johnson* ; Handkercher 1693, 1710 ; Handkerchief 1704, 1715–35 ; handkerchief *Verity.*

153. 150. were 1668–93, 1710 ; was 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.*

159. 346–7. *in hand* 1668–93 ; *in his Hand* 1704, 1715–35 ; *in his hand* 1710, *Verity.*

162. 94. an enemy 1668–71, *Johnson* ; an Enemy 1693, 1710 ; any Enemy 1704, 1715–35 ; any enemy *Verity.*

173. 435. put 1710 ; puts 1668–93, 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.*

175. 512. swound 1668–71 ; swound, 1693, 1710 ; swoon 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.*

177. 567. Upon solemn 1668–93, 1710 ; Upon some solemn 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.*

177. 574. prevail'd 1668–93, 1710, 1735 ; Prevail'd 1715–23 ; Prevail 1704 ; prevail *Verity.*

178. 614. *aweary*, 1668 ; *a weary*, 1671 ; *weary* 1693, 1710 ; *weary*, 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.*

178. 621. a hungry. See *Text of the Plays*, p. lxxxvii.

191. 65. with her head 1711, *Verity* ; with her Head 1704–35 ; with head 1676–84 ; with Head 1693. 1704 is probably right in adding " her ", but is certainly wrong in omitting " like " in the same line ; an error perpetuated by 1715–35 and Verity.

192. 79. Stagers 1676–93, 1711 ; stagers *Johnson* ; Strangers 1704, 1715–35 ; strangers *Verity.*

192. 95. Sisters 1676–93, 1711 ; Sister 1704–35 ; sister *Verity.*

192. 98. resty : Verity alters to " restiff " both here and at 153. 158.

194. 172. Bogg : Verity omits.

196. 232–3. The punctuation is that of 1676–84, and the same effect (of an interrupted speech) is given by 1711, which omits the brackets and prints commas after " priviledge " and " 'em," and three dots after " concerns ". 1693 alters this effect by placing the second bracket after " 'em " and a full stop after " concerns ", a punctuation which is followed by 1704, 1715–35 and Verity. Medley's " pray proceed", in l. 236, shows that the earlier reading is right.

202. 449. making : omitted in 1704, 1715–35 and *Verity.*

202. 454. me, 1693, 1711 ; me 1676–84 ; him 1704, 1715–35, *Verity.* The quartos are clearly right, but the absence of

punctuation after " me " in 1676–84 is disconcerting at first blush, and may have caused a conscious attempt at emendation in 1704.

207. 70. glum 1676–93, 1711 ; grum 1704, *Johnson*, 1715–35, *Verity*.

208. 109. Lady Dealer : " Dealer " is a surname (*cf.* 161. 45), like Wycherley's " old Lady *Lanterlu* " (see *General Notes*, 161. 45) in *The Country-Wife*. Verity alters to " lady-dealer ".

208. 129. h'as *present text* ; H'as 1693 ; Has 1676–84 ; he has 1704–35, *Verity*.

211. 39. has 1704–35, *Verity* ; had 1676–93.

213. 100. were 1676–93, 1711. It is omitted in 1704, 1715–35 and *Verity*.

215. 184. and the 1676–93, 1711 ; and make the 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.

217. 261. may do you 1676–1735 ; may [it] do you *Verity*. But see *General Notes*.

218. 281. greater 1676–93, 1711 ; great 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.

219. 25–6. of talking : 1704 omits the word " of ", and is followed by Verity. 1711–35 return to the quarto reading.

220. 55–6. In 1676 the first line of this couplet concludes page (32), the catchword being *Which,*. The catchword is not repeated on page (33), which begins *Is bred*. Subsequent editions embodied *Which* in the second line (*Which is bred* etc.) to the ruin of the metre. It was more probably intended, as printed in the present edition, as Harriet's own link between the two lines of verse she is quoting ; both the comma, and the fact that the line " *Is bred . . . design'd* " was kept intact in Q1, suggest this explanation.

222. 113. quick 1676–93, 1711. 1704 (followed by 1715–35 and Verity) omits this word.

225. 15. her 1676–93, 1711. 1704 (followed by 1715–35) omits this word, and Verity restores it within square brackets.

229. 158. understands 1676–93 ; understand'st 1704–35 ; understandest *Verity*.

232. 249. affectation 1676–84, *Johnson* ; Affectation 1693, 1711–35 ; Affection 1704 ; affection *Verity*.

234. 41. *High Park* 1676, '84, 1711, *Verity* ; *high Park* Johnson ; *High-Park* 1693, 1704, 1715, 1733 ; *Hide-Park* 1723 ; *Hyde-Park* 1735.

236. 84. in 1676–93, 1711 ; on 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.

236. 115. of : Verity omits.

237. 126. La Verdure 1676–93, 1711; La Verdue 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
240. 228–9. [*Enter four* 1676–1735 ; *Enter three* Verity.
241. 262. He's *present text* ; H'has 1676–93, 1711 ; h'has 1704, 1715–35 ; he's *Verity*. The speaker's point is that the man *is* (metaphorically) a hollow tooth, not that he has one. Sparkish, at the end of Wycherley's *The Country-Wife* (1675), angrily addresses Alithea's maid Lucy as " eternal Rotten-tooth."
250. 205. will 1676–93, 1711. 1704 (followed by Johnson, 1715–35 and Verity) omits this word.
250. 210. as 1676–93, 1711. 1704 (followed by 1715–35 and Verity) omits this word.
253. 298. you to what 1704–35, *Verity* ; you what 1676–93.
256. 404. will *Johnson*, 1715–35, *Verity* ; well 1676–1711.
259. 29. an other 1676 ; another 1684–93, 1711–35 ; any other 1704, *Verity*.
277. 98. of a celebrated *Johnson* ; of celebrated 1676–1735, *Verity*. But I am confident that the " a " was accidentally omitted in Q1 ; *cp.* l. 99, " a declar'd Lover."
279. 158. For " little " in this line see *Text of the Plays*, p. lxxxvii.
281. 238. with him the 1676–93, 1711 ; with the 1704, 1715–35, *Verity*.
286. 386. The punctuation of 1676–1735 is a full stop after " misfortunes " and a comma after " *Bellinda*." Verity punctuates with a comma and semicolon, as in the present text, and is clearly right in thus directing the whole speech to Bellinda ; it is very unlikely that the first part of it is a general address to the company. The original compositor probably used a full stop by mistake for a comma.
288 *Epilogue*. In the *Review of English Studies* for July 1925 (Vol. I, No. 3, pp. 325–6) Mr. G. Thorn-Drury gave particulars of a version of Dryden's *Epilogue to S^r Fopling Flutter, the play made by M^r Etheridge*, preserved in a large MS. book compiled by Sir William Haward. It contains three variations not found elsewhere, two of which—" it " for " they " in l. 6, and " now " for " vow " in l. 10—have been adopted in the present text : " I vow " in the quarto being a natural printer's error for " I now " (" I " representing " Ay ", as at 50. 34, 70. 103 and d150. 28). Haward's version also contains, between ll. 14 and 15, the couplet :—

> Labour to put in more, as Master Bayes
> Thrumms in Additions to his ten-yeares plays.

This hit at Buckingham is obviously authentic, but as it was suppressed in the editions I have not replaced it in the text.

READINGS OF THE FIRST QUARTOS

FOR certain systematic changes adopted in the present edition, the reader is referred to the note on the *Text of the Plays*, pp. lxxxviii–xcii.

Two changes of a general character have also been made in *The Comical Revenge*, where the occasional abbreviation "Sr" has been expanded to "Sir," and "Mr" has been printed as "Mr.", to conform with the practice of the other two plays. The usual contractions of the names of certain speakers in this play were *Sir Fred.*, *Sir Nich.*, *Beauf.*, *Aurel.*, *Whead.* and *Palm.*, but the original compositor sometimes reduced these names still further, in order to economise space; and for the same reason he occasionally contracted the names of *Bruce*, *Lovis*, *Dufoy*, and the *Maid*, which were usually printed in full. In all these cases the usual form has been adopted as the standard, and the following original contractions of names of speakers have consequently been expanded:—

S. Fred. 79. 38, 42; 80. 52, 69, 72, 77; 82. 39, 42, 46; 83. 53, 71, 79.
Sir Fr. 14. 22; 34. 28, 40; 70. 100; 73. 192; 74. 233, 254; 79. 31.
S. Fr. 31. 51; 32. 55; 34. 33; 80. 64; 83. 58, 67.
S. Nich. 80. 59; 81. 82.
Sr Nic. 27. 125, 127.
Beau. 45. 18; 47. 25.
Aur. 11. 5; 12. 15; 13. 52; 22. 170.
Whea. 11. 67; 23. 25; 26. 110; 37. 18, 20; 39. 91; 80. 53.
Whea. 26. 124; 27. 126.
Whe. 9. 1.
Pal. 74. 251.

Bru. 62. 2.
Br. 41. 38; 54. 69.
Lov. 17. 26.
Duf. 1. 4, 6; 2. 1; 73. 206.
Ma. 5. 84.

The following list comprises such other readings of the first quartos as have been altered in reprinting. The greater number present differences of punctuation only, and it should be noted that the words in this list are preceded by any hyphen, or bracket [or (, that may precede them in the first quarto, and are followed by any stop, hyphen, or bracket] or), that may follow them in the first quarto.

The letters " d.l." in square brackets after a word indicate a dropped letter in the quarto.

A stage direction occurring between, *e.g.*, lines 96 and 97 of a scene is indicated by the reference 96–7.

THE COMICAL REVENGE.

Act I, i, 21 Ian Villian
Act I, ii, 27–8 [stage direction] *and Clark.* 36–7 [*Ex. Clark.* 56–7 Wheadle's 57 heart 66 am i'troth 83 done 106 now 125 -*Hall.* 126 *Jenny* 134 tingè 136 prety 140 occupation 146 time. 149 Farewel 149 [*Ex. Jenny.* 204 body. 207 Women like Fishes
Act I, iii, 2 Ordinaries, 17 pity 26 Patron
Act I, iv, [headline] *Bevill's* 22 guid 25 So 37 encouragement Sir
Act II, i, [headline, l. 2] *Enter Clark* 17–8 [*Ex. Clark.* 62 Indeed *Betty* 74 I'le uot
Act II, ii, 43 dwell. 51 approve. 53 access 100 now 107 Divel 135 heart;
Act II, iii, 44 Come 46 merry 48 here 54 *with'* 63 -shier 67 buble 89 -shier 105 round. 110 'Twil 166 play Mr. *Wheadle,* 179 *leisure.*
Act III, ii, 5 Withall 15 quiet. 18 loose
Act III, iv, [headline, l. 2] *Clark.* 8 Matre. 24 Serviture;
Act III, v, 93 Come S^r *Nicholas*
Act III, vii, 12 Sine 52 such sa
Act IV, ii, 26 iuto 32 wittest,

Act IV, iii, 5 Friends ? 42 *Nich'las's* 72 [see Textual Notes]
Act IV, iv, 1 besure 27 most 28 there 59 away ; 69 *Graciana's* 85 Heave 87 bruitish 95 *Graciana's* 97 Hold 100–1 *hindred* 106–7 *strugling,* 120 yield,
Act IV, vi, 38 ferbon, mine Monsieur, 72 *Coachm.*
Act IV, vii, 30 why
Act V, i, 43 *Aurelia's* 58 *Graciana's*
Act V, ii, 15 Cask. 54 Bailié. 57 de Baylié. 88 burden. 103 not 114 enough 120 come 122 business, 126 fellows. 127 Faith 137 Sir *Fred.* murder, 210 Tettibleu. 281 Yow 282 Mischeivous
Act V, iii, 12 *subdue.*
Act V, iv, 25 *Nicholas.*
Act V, v, 54 ma [d. l.] 66 Parcel. 82–3 self. This day, my 114 Country, come ; 133 will 146 Dance.

SHE WOU'D IF SHE COU'D.

Act I, ii, [headline] Cockwood's 167 crave. 171 along
Act II, ii, 7 Madam. 117–8 *Enter Ariana and Gatty.* 130–1 *dancing with Mr.* Courtall, 177 *I faith* 227 [*Gat.* 242 Ladys 249 conscience 258 own 266 up
Act III, i, 8 *Gazet,* 81 come. 110 Town, 141 *Lady.* 193 and a A Fiddle ; 266 trouble.
Act III, ii, [headline] SCENE. [see Textual Notes] 1 now 19 What 52 knowledge.
Act III, iii, 105 Dress Sir *Oliver* 109 man, 190–1 two ; for the digestion, 202 what 254 *carvet* 303 you 303 Judge 338 belief. 444 Lady's
Act IV, i, 181 He
Act IV, ii, 8 little, 115 will you make you 278 Repent 283 Ho
Act V, i, [headline] Cockwood, 10 disengag 75 me, 196 me 435 puts 449 *To the Ladies.*

THE MAN OF MODE.

Prologue, l. 9 *praise*
Act I, i, 4 over ? 7 Duties ; 8 fate I know 9 'Twill 16 Noon. 26 [Exit *Handy.* 28 now 38 thing, Lord 39 here 47 Gad 47 Women 48 Here 51 Woman 51 life 56 Gad 65 with head 67 *Dorimant* 68 thou. 69 Lord 74 Good now, 75 come 76 it Huswife, 79 other, Go 83 please 86 Shomaker 88 Shomaker 92 penny, 96 pay me 107 *Medley* 108

House, 110 peace, 111 Gentlewoman, Lord 113 part 113 Devil, 117 hearsay, 121 guessing 122 'em. 123 well, 141 Gad 150 Town, 152 yesterday, 156 Judge. 162 Shomaker 163 *Dorimant* pay me, Gad 168 shillings, 177 Ado 187 Prithe 194 yours *Dorimant* 195 Playhouse, 202 one, 206 Misfortune, let 207 self, 209 done, 217 Why 221 *Medley*, 241 begun; 251 i'le 253–4 *Exit.* 257 now 257 Sot.? 263 Dunghill, 266 Life, 276 sure, 279 Lampoons 285 Shooe. 289 her, 289 'Zbud 293 Coxcombs 295 damn 'em 296 Come 296–7 Morning next my heart now. 303 mine, 310 honour 314 Cloaths 317 Servant 325 Company; 326 misfortune, 350 dress'd 356 pleasure 360 yours 367 *Flutter* 375 Ho 379 carelesly 388 already, 403 you *Dorimant*, 403 leave 405 breeding Sir 418 fighting 422 i'le 428 intimate 440 Town; 450 consideration 450 think 454 me 459 undone, 461 love. 474 *Bellair*, 476 how 477 Why 498 Letter 500 see 502 hand, 502 admirable 516 Hay 522 come 523 Chair! 528 *calm*

Act II, i, 1 afraid 5 lie. 6 lucky, 7 secret, 10 abide me; 12 word 13 inquisitive I am told 20 knows. 24 within, 31 power, 37 Garden. 40 me, 48 her 51 value 54 face, a Dod 57 Charms, 60 feelingly 61 Fifty Sister 62 up 63 merry, 64 anon, 65 time Mum 65 you, go 66 Come 69 Wife 73 Dod 79 Night, go 94 Ombre, 100 Maggot, 104 Servant 108 Tarmagant 114 not 117 Matadore. 119 you 129 her, Has 133 tother 139 Hoboys. 158 us? 159 affords 159 *Russians* 171 down 174 Content

Act II, ii, 9 Covenant; 16 forbear 20 thought Madam 24 Love *Dorimant* 39 had 51 off. 57 rather 63 *Winefreds*, 67 e'm? 68 Plot, 83 mask'd 83 dishabillié 87 Heaven's! 96 concern'd 103 it. 105 man 118 Town, 119 self 123 Curse 132 here 135 What 140 insetting 144 silent, come 152 it; 158 Faith 162 is 163 Face; 195 Madam, 199 so I confess, good nature, 203 weary off, 205 Man. 206 Woman. 211–2 Protestations. Perjur'd Man. 220 more. 227 diseas'd 237 Why 248 Cravat. 250 much, 274 him. 279 Drive away, 286 moment. 287 Follow 290 but

Act III, i, [headline] SCENE *Lady* 9 Fingers? 10 Ah 11 *Dapper*? 12 her? 21 Wit. 37 And what you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient. 41 else 46 agreeably 56 *Which, Is* 58 inclinations 73 i'le 75 making 90 ill 92 Conquest, 94 some 94 be 95 Fair, 97 Lady, 98 wears 99 confess

101 own then 113 well, 128 come, 131 'em, 138 Women, 145 Dod 149 side, 155 Smile 170 some indeed 175 *Y. Ball.* 178 Cover 180 acted. 182 Dod 185 you 186 time Sir, 188 together, 190 Door

Act III, ii, [headline] *Enter* L. 10 *L. Tow.* 14 Mrs *Lovit.* 16 distemper Jealousy! 34 Well 41 Mrs 43 What 44 occasion 49 aversion, 57 much I know 60 *Medley* 64 him *Bellinda* 67 Word 79 Swear 84 i've 86 in 92 promis'd 94 evening 95 place 104 Love 108 weary? 110 complaisance 113 Bellinda 115–6 [*Ex. Bellinda.* 118 good 131 taste, 132 Variety, 137 delicate 148 Sr. *Fop.* 149 Hands, 150 Lady 150–1 [To *Emilia.* 151 Thee, 151 lying 152 ofmy 153 dost, 156 Sir, 170 gallant 170 perish, 175 pardons Madam, 175–6 *Emilia* 179 language Sir 187 me Sir 189 Town 192 write 204 here 208 consideration 215 breech though 216 Eye 217 Peace 218 on't 223 right 224 Suit. 226 Garniture. 228 Shooes! 229 Piccar! 230 Perriwig! 232 Gloves! 233 Orangerii! 233 smell 247 reserv'd, 258 Hey 259 *Dorimant* 263 him, 274 servant 275–6 [*Ex. Med.* and *Dor.* 278 Rogue. 279 you.

Act III, iii, 2 Mother. 14 him. 15 him but dreads him I hear 18 undone, 20 does. 26 Lord 26 says, 29 one, 39–40 *Ex. Dor.* repeating. 49 so, 52 unreasonable 54 *Dorimant.* 68 Madam, 72 meetings; 73 worth 79 natures I know 95 not, 96–7 she's handsome, very Handsome, by God she is, 97 name, 103 liking 104 thus 107 Mother 108 Ah 108 *Harriet.* 109 agen 112 Mail 114 *Dorimant* 115 monster, 116 here 118 gentleman? 122 speak 123 Tongue they say 125 la Fleur 126 Verdure. 128–9 *Ex.* L. 129 all, 132 speak 136 news 142 me 149 *James's.* 150 *Fopling.* 150 two, 154 told you, 167 thing 185 him 192 so: 193 place 196 now. 214–5 *Enter* Sir 223 Servant, 245 *Dorimant* 248 *Fopling.* 248 yours 257 'em. 258 Oh 262 H'has 267 Face. 274 Oh 276 Frenchmen. 285 you 286 Sir? 289 O That 291 *Dorimant* 296 that? 308 her 309 appear'd? 311 Mail, 313 *Fopling* 314 obedience 317 Mail 318 *Bellinda* 319 friends 320 No! No! 324–5 Pert. 332 Credit. 337–8 Footman. 345 well 353 Lady-Grandmother. 354 act 356 along 359 so,

Act IV, i, 1 very smart bout 3 *Emilia's* Dancing Brother. 5 think 6 that, 9 days 17 will, 20 Age, 34 observ'd 43 Ay 51 protest 60 you 63 Dod 65 self 74 husband

76 Dod sweet-heart 78 intention 80 Dod 81 Husband, 85 within 88 done 89 not 91 words 92 say! 105 *Medley* 107 together 110 catching 114 nature 131 smile 131 see, 136 Justice 154 party 165 me 169 destiny, 174 fall, 175 Thus while 184 here 195 make 197 *Harriet.* 198 you? 203 Masques 204 you, 208 *of* 209 *Fopling.*! 210 Faith 215 you 215 *Fopling*? 222 Measures, 227 Tennis 241 Visit, 248 Who 249 blockead? 250 *Rubutin.* 262 on't, 268 'em 271 Why 272 self, 276 were. 280 bus'ness, 280 faith 280 'em 282 Look 283 breath 284 *Dorimant* 289 Bulladins, 292 self 295 excuses 296 Heav'ns 298 you what 314 commended, 316 Basqué 319 seat 321 leave 324 Ladies, 325 Comencè to 325 motions. 329 prety 331 Hey 332 *Harriet.* 351 Madam. 354 yonder? 355 Complement? 357 stairing, 361 S'death 363 know 369 tremble 377 Dod 379 Stay 384 away 388 i'll 393 likely, 'tis dut 398 Peace 399 Fill 400 *Medley* 402 i'le 404 well. 405 Dod 407 Dod 408 mean Sir.? 410 it 412–3 They Sing. 418 *Court* 419 *sport.* 420 *Park* 429 *hand.* 432 *depose.* 435 Dod 440 take away 442 affaires 444 away 446 Dod 448 Hey. 450 day

Act IV, ii, 5 seen 44 i'le 48 willingly 66 *Handy* 69 fit 72 part Gentlemen, 83 said 85 recover 91 himself 92 Sir. *For.* 93 find Sir *Fopling* 96 *Dorimant* 103 Toilet, 103 *Merille* 105 What 109 on 112 See 113 dress 115 busness 123 Hey Page 123 Here 124 voice 125 self 127 *Paris.* 128 did of *Lambert* 131 Fop 140 it man, 142 self 150 Slap 152 indeed, 154–5 Footman. 156 Yes 157 don 157 [*Ex.* Sir *Fopling.* 161 remov'd 162 luckily this morning, 165 business. 166 Ma-tri-mony 168 time *Dorimant,* 173 Why 174 faul s [*d.l.*] 183 prosper, 183 *Medley* 187 about 188 Joy

Act IV, iii, 3 Madam? 9 Whither 10–11 Footman. 17 in 22 will 25 *Twere*

Act V, i, 10 *Bellinda* 16 Door 24 Riser 25 wonder 36 O 37 Unwholsome 51 you my Dear; 54 Lodge 59–60 Footman. 63 *Dorimant,* 65 *Strand* 66 Yes Madam 67 innocent 77 faint 80 fruit 86–7 *Ex.* 94 *I that* 97 are 111 penicious 126 'em 134 selves 137 Love 153 friends, 160 have 160 spoken, 161 of this 183 Insupportabl! [*d.l.*] 190 did 191 Oh 234 Come 241 humour 255 Farewel 255 woman. 263 it 267 fortune *Bellinda* 281 right 284 indeed 288 him 302 *Dorimant* 305 not 315 darkness. 316 world 317 *Loveit.* 318 false 318 so?

Act V, ii, [headline, l. 1] *Townleys* [headline l. 2] Lady 1 up 6 Madam, 10 Dod 11 Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk* 12 Closet, 12–13 L. 15 *Bellair.* 17 Dod 26 thou do 26–7 *Emilia.* 27 Sir, 29–30 L. 31 end 33 *Harry* 34 done 35 *Medley* 36–7 L. Townly *and* L. 37 do 41 engag'd 48 else 54 mind, 54 better. 67 knows it 79 *pain.* 90 *In vain said* 94 Minute 98 of celebrated 100 compleat 108 you. 111 preparations 111 Writi gs [*d.l.*] 135 Eyes, 155 i'll 167 mind 182 obstinate 182–3 *Enter* L. 188–9 *and* L. 192 favour 192 Dod 196 you Sir 199 Here 200 pise 202 Yes 203 mistaken 204 not 205 Sure you are Sir? 206–7 bains Mr. *Smirk,* 208 joy 210 pize 211 storm 212 you 213 is 214 Dod 214 too, 215 hand sweet-heart, 216 hand 216–7 [*Emilia kneels and Y. Bell.* 217 Come come, 217 blessing, 219–20 Contrivance 221 her, 221 Rogue 223 you 224 Dod 226 Whither! whither 228–9 now Mr. *Courtage,* 234 Dod 236 stands 240 heart, 247 news? 252 yours 253 been 254 Dod Madam 255 Apologies 260 nothing, 266 You I 269 here 269 yet! 270 Blessing come away 273 betray'd 273 undone 275 Mother 277 fortune 278 you 279 Heiress 280 you 281 Love, 286 now, 291 Mistress 292 me 303 me 316 Dod 320 Dod 326 Mother 330 disobedient 330 Yours 333 *Dorimant.* 338 *Aside.* 339 *Har.* 342 Dod 342 Rise 343 her 344 Dod sirrah 344–5 *Emilia.* 344–5 *and 's* Page. 345 hey 349–50 *Loveit.* 364 it, 366 fierè 368 Me thinks 372 me 375 one 386 misfortunes. *Bellinda,* 395 Hold 397 hand 398 you 399 thee. 400 *Dorimant?* 403 *Dorimant* 408 within 412 mean 415 Dod 415 come 423 self 434 My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle. 437 have 440 So 442 *Dod*

Epilogue 6 *Gallants, they may* 8 *Wit.* 10 *I vow*

GENERAL NOTES

The reference numbers are those of page and line in the present text.

[2] 2. *Lord Buckhurst :* Charles Sackville (1638–1706), author of *To all you Ladies now at land.* He did not succeed his father in the earldom of Dorset until 1677. He was Sedley's companion in the scandalous escapades recorded in Pepys' diary under July 1, 1663, and October 23, 1668, and was with Sedley and Etherege at the first night of *She wou'd if she cou'd*, February 6, 1667–8.

[4] 11. *Must trip to Norwich, or for Ireland go :* it appears from the Memorandum book of Dr. Edward Browne (Sloane MSS. 1900) that dramatic performances were given at the King's Arms, in Norwich, in 1662. Chappuzeau, in his *Europe Vivante* (Geneva, 1667 ; licensed 10 Sept. 1666), after mentioning the London companies, adds (pp. 214–5) " Il y a une autre Troupe entretenue à Norwich l'une des bonnes Villes du Royaume, & le sejour de toute la Noblesse du Pays." Mr. W. J. Lawrence, to whose article *A Forgotten Restoration Playhouse* (*Englische Studien*, 1905 ; band 35, p. 279) I am indebted, considers that Chappuzeau's account is given from personal observation made about the year 1665, the London theatres having been closed, owing to the Plague, for almost the whole of 1666.

Mr. Lawrence tells me that the reference to Ireland is explained by the fact that the King's patent for a new Dublin theatre was granted to John Ogilby and Thos. Stanley Jun. of Cumberloe, Herts, on April 5, 1662. Under this the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, was opened in the following October. As there were no actors then in Ireland, the company had to be recruited from the London stage, and on one occasion the King issued a warrant for the arrest and bringing back of a player called Richards who had deserted to Ogilby.

1. 9–10. *matré : matter* and *master* are both reduced to *matré* in Dufoy's pronunciation.

2. 21. *Ian ! Villian ! :* see *Textual Notes.*

3. 36. *Baby :* doll.

4. 57. *next my heart : cf.* 198. 297, where the same form of greeting is impudently used by the Shoomaker.

5. 90. *Scurvy-grass :* a kind of ale medicated with scurvy-grass. This plant was in some request for medicinal purposes in the seventeenth century ; Anthony Wood records in 1658–9 that " Scurvy-grass drink began to be frequently drunk in the mornings as physic-drinke." The *N.E.D.* gives references to the ale as early as 1661 and as late as 1708, when Chamberlayne included it among those sold in London, " many sorts of ales, very different, as Cock, Steponey, . . . Betony, Scurvy grass, &c." But it was probably known earlier, for John Manningham enters in his diary, in October 1602, a receipt for *Dr. Parryes Ale for the Spring* : " Of the juyce of scourvy-grasse one pint ; of the juyce of water-cresses, as much ; of the juyce of succory, half a pint ; of the juyce of fumitory, half a pint : proportion to one gallon of ale : they must be all tunned up togither."

6. 112. *Paper-mills :* so, at the beginning of the Third Act of Vanbrugh's *The Provok'd Wife* (1698), Sir John Brute complains that the prittle prattle of his wife and Belinda will make him take his " own House for a Paper-mill." The comparison is an ancient one ; it was used by Chaucer in his advice to wives in the *Envoy* to the *Clerk's Tale* : " Ay clappeth as a mille, I yow consaille."

6. 113. *London-bridge at a low water is silence to her :* in the seventeenth century the piers and starlings of London Bridge dammed the river to such an extent that at low water there was a pronounced and noisy *fall* through the arches. There is an exactly similar comparison to a woman's tongue, earlier in the century, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Woman's Prize*, Act I, Sc. iii, where Petruchio says, of Maria and her garrison, " What are they mad ? have we another *Bedlam* ? They do not talke I hope ? ", and Sophocles replies, " Oh terribly, extreamly fearful, the noise at *London-bridge* is nothing near her."

6. 125. *Hicks's-Hall :* Pepys noted on Dec. 6, 1660 :—" Before I went forth this morning, one came to give me notice that the Justices of Middlesex do meet tomorrow at Hicks Hall, and that I as one am desired to be there." It was the Sessions House of the county, " named after Sir Baptist Hicks, one of the justices, and afterwards Viscount Campden, at whose cost

it was built in 1612 " (Wheatley's *Pepys*). Sedley, in *A Ballad*, describes the result of a tavern brawl :—

> At *Hixes*'s Hall, by Jury grave,
> It was Man-slaughter found.

7. 155. *Wheadle :* at the time of the play this name carried a very definite implication of swindling ; see 97. 209 and 220. The shifts of the Wheedle were exposed in 1675 in a treatise of 352 pages, *Proteus Redivivus : or the Art of Wheedling, or Insinuation*, by R. H[ead], the author of *The English Rogue* (a second edition, enlarged, appeared in 1684). Wheadle's dealings with Cully might be illustrated at some length from Head's eleventh chapter, the heading of which is, *That Passions are the seeds of Vice, from whence the* Wheedle *receives frequently a plentiful Harvest.*

7. 161. *Oliver :* cf. 67. 25–6 and note.

9. 2. *Ordinaries :* public eating-houses ; in the seventeenth century they were notorious for after-dinner gambling. See Dorimant's answer to Medley's *double entendre*, 228. 111–3.

9. 14. *the dangerous Pad :* " pad " is slang for robbery on the highway.

9. 16. *Square :* I am unable to explain " this Square ".

9. 26. *Sir Nicholas Cully :* " *Cully*, a Fool or silly Creature that is easily drawn in and Cheated by Whores or Rogues." *A New Dictionary of the Terms Ancient and Modern of the Canting Crew.* By *B.E.* Gent. (No date ; *circa* 1690–1700.)

9. 27. *say well : i.e.* assay. The metaphor is from the breaking up of a deer, when the huntsman's knife tests how many fingers of fat the beast has on its ribs. *Cp.* 25. 84.

10. 33. *the Devil :* this famous tavern was in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar.

12. 21–2. *We of our selves . . . our Fate :* a reminiscence of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, i. 167–8 :—

> It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
> For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.

14. 12. *Cyrugin :* surgeon (*chirurgien*).

14. 30. *to :* modern *as to ; cp.* 16. 81.

15. 38. *the Fleece :* in York Street, Covent Garden : this tavern, like the Devil, was frequented by Pepys, but was a more turbulent house ; it was here that Rake-hell had his nose damaged by a

quart pot (149. 7), and Aubrey mentions it in 1692 as "very unfortunate for Homicides." Pepys, in 1660, writes to the same effect. But the Widow has less serious matters in her head, and is thinking of such scenes as that described by the Duke of Newcastle in *The Humorous Lovers* (1677), where Sir Anthony Altalk claims acquaintance with Colonel Boldman :—

Al. Oh! my head Colonel, when shall I be able to sin without repentance? we were at it again last night Beer-glasses, till two a clock in the morning; it was a shrowd bout we had at the *Fleece* Colonel.

Bold. When? I beseech you, Sir.

Al. Have you forgotten me? when I had the honour to be made acquainted with you by Master *Snarle* and Master *Brutish*, a constant and very good Guest to that house, Sir.

Bold. Sir *Anthony Altalk*.

Al. The very same, Sir; I danced a jig while *Tom Brutish* whistled, and play'd upon the head of a pint pot, for your better remembrance, Sir.

16. 102. *Soulz : sous.*

24. 48. *Tope :* apparently a new and fashionable word; the *N.E.D.* gives no example earlier than 1651. See the Shoomaker's use of it, 198. 309.

25. 67. *bubble :* swindle. Etherege's use of this sense of the word is earlier than any examples recorded in the *N.E.D.*

25. 72. *Top upon him :* cheat him.

29. 23. *Pancridge :* St. Pancras. Norden, in 1593, writes that "although this place be as it were forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same but upon devyne occasions, yet it is visyted and usuall haunted of roages, vagabondes, harlettes, and theeves. . . . Walk not ther too late." Its reputation was no better in Etherege's time.

32. 56. *the Rose :* a well-known tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden; see also 81. 79. Pepys used to treat Doll Lane there, and Etherege remembered the Rose in his exile at Ratisbon; one of the "Expressions in a letter to Mr. Richards of the 2/12 Feb. 1687/8", which his secretary copied down, was "Remember me to all my friends at the Rose and do not forget the lilly at the Bar." (Letter-Book, f. 163 *verso*.)

34. 38. *the Compter :* the Compters, or Counters, were city prisons for debt and minor offences; London at this time had one in the Poultry and one in Wood Street.

35. 1–53. This is the scene so much admired by Coleridge, who quotes it in *Omniana* (1812), II. 20–28.
35. 14. *Jan :* see textual note to 2. 21.
35. 16–19. *Jack-pudding . . . mumbling a half-penny Custard :* this scene was probably in Shadwell's mind in his *Sullen Lovers* (1668), Act II, Sc. iii, when he made Emilia say "I had as live stand among the rabble, to see a Jack-pudding eat a Custard, as trouble myself to see a Play." And it was too hearty an appreciation of a Jack Pudding that exposed the ill breeding of the sham Count in *Bury Fair* (1689) ; this Count, who is really a barber, is much indebted to Dufoy, and excuses his error with equal assurance : "Morbleau, Madam, I have see de Marionettè de *Jean Pudding* in *France*, dat have the Great deal of Esprits, and of de Wit : de very pretty man, and de very good Company ; yes indeed." (End of Act II.)
35. 27–8. *de new Bridge in Parie :* the Pont Neuf.
36. 32. *Darriolé :* cream-cake, *dariole*.
36. 38. *mine :* mien ; also spelt *meen* (133. 148) and *Meine* (241. 278).
36. 38. *de great horse :* the management of a charger.
37. 7. *Colonel Hewson :* the regicide, knighted by Cromwell 1657, d. 1662.
37. 26. *Alon : Allons ;* he is encouraging Cully. The later editions corrupted the reading to Along ; see *Textual Notes*. But it is used also by Dufoy at 75. 285, which is decisive.
39. 80. *a Judgment :* see 199. 343 and note.
39. 94. *the benefit of your Clergy :* the speaker is punning on this well-known phrase, defined in the *N.E.D.* as "the privilege of exemption from the sentence, which, in the case of certain offences, might be pleaded on his first conviction by every one who could read."
40. 3. *Forbear this wicked insolence : Once more :* the reader may feel some temptation to transfer "Once more" to the beginning of this line, and thus make the speech conform to the heroic couplets which precede and follow it, but it is more probable that Lord Bevill speaks, as he often does, in blank verse. The compositor of Q 1 habitually uses a capital after a colon.
49. 15 *Kew :* cue.
50. 34. *I :* Ay. This is a regular spelling in the seventeenth century ; *cf.* 70. 103, 150. 28, 288. 10.
51. 52–3. *Verses . . . Lodging :* "I can't, for my Heart, leave a

Room before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them." Addison on his "Employment when I enter any House in the Country" (*Spectator*, No. 85).

56. 119. *an after-game :* "a second game played in order to reverse or improve the issues of the first." *N.E.D.* See also 75. 284 and note.

58. 14–15. *a shut :* a locking-bar or bolt. The word is used by Disraeli as late as 1845.

58. 19. *ply :* this is the reading of the first five quartos, and would mean that the fiddler used to make this ale-house his head quarters and ply for hire there, like "Tom Errand, the Porter, that plys at the Blew Posts," in Farquhar's *Constant Couple.* But the *N.E.D.* only gives examples, in this sense, of porters and watermen, and the later editions are not unlikely to be right in reading "play."

59. 38. *ferbon mine :* a very good mien ; Betty is mimicking Dufoy's pronunciation, which turns *very* into *ver.* See *Textual Notes* for the fate of this phrase in the later editions.

59. 55. The allusion is to the well-known Elizabethan cure for Dufoy's malady.

63. 15–16. Etherege evidently began this speech with the intention of making the surgeon use heroic couplets, but the medical terms were too much for him.

66. 1–2. *The boys hout at him : i.e.* hoot. See *Textual Notes.*

66. 3. *Lincolns-Inn-Fields :* the great square west of Lincoln's Inn. Peter Cunningham, who quotes this passage in the account of the Fields in his *Handbook of London,* says that they "were frequented from a very early period down to the year 1735 by wrestlers, bowlers, cripples, beggars, and idle boys."

67. 25. *Oliver's Knights : cf.* 7. 160–2. Honours conferred by the Lord Protector were naturally at a discount after 1660, and sneering allusions to his knights are frequent. Durfey's Sir Barnaby Whigg is described by his author (in 1681) as *A Phanatical Rascal, one of* Oliver*'s Knights.*

67. 29. *Barnaby :* "an old dance to a quick movement." *Nares.* It probably got its name (as Haslewood assumed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1824, p. 392) from Brathwait's famous Drunken Barnaby.

70. 103. *I :* see note to 50. 34.

70. 117. *do the :* "the" is probably the definite article, though it might possibly be taken as a pronoun ("thee"). In any

case the interpolation of " you " (" do you the ") in 1667 and subsequent texts is needless.

70. 121. *the Mulberry-garden :* planted by James I in 1609. It was still as fashionable a resort as it had been in 1654, when Evelyn wrote (on May 10) " My Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the towne for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." The site of the garden was granted to Lord Arlington in 1673, and is now occupied by Buckingham Palace.

The Restoration dramatists after Etherege made much use of the Mulberry Garden ; Sedley in 1668 gave its name to his well-known comedy, the Duke of Newcastle took it for a scene in *The Humorous Lovers* (1677), and Wycherley concluded his *Love in a Wood* (1672) in the Diningroom in Mulberry Garden-House. Casual allusions in Shadwell and elsewhere are frequent.

75. 271. *out :* beyond.

75. 284. *an after-game at Irish :* Irish is described as " an old game resembling backgammon " in the *N.E.D.*, which quotes from Sir William Cornwallis (1601) " Like an after-game at Irish, that is wonne and lost divers times in an instant." For *after-game* see 56. 119 and note.

78. 3. *to lye at a little opener ward :* the metaphor is from fencing ; to guard herself less closely against Cully's onslaughts.

80. 70. *Stiponie :* " A kind of raisin-wine, made from raisins with lemon-juice and sugar added." *N.E.D.* under *Stepony*. See also note to 5. 90.

80. 71. *Democcuana :* this word is not found in the *N.E.D.*, and Dr. Henry Bradley was consulted about it on April 18, 1923. He asked for time, but the same evening he sent me one of his illuminating postcards. I had intended to submit this note—somewhat differently worded—to him in proof ; *dis aliter visum*. As, however, his elucidation of the word, though informally put, is evidently considered and final, it is now placed on record *verbatim*, as perhaps his latest separate contribution to English lexicography. He wrote :—

" It is possible that I had met with *democuana* only in the Etherege passage, the other part of which I have quoted under *Stepony*. When you asked me about the word, I remembered at once that I had long ago come to the conclusion that it must be an adoption of the Spanish *damajuana* =

demijohn. The resemblance in sound is so close that it is difficult to believe it due to coincidence. It seems conceivable that sailors may have brought the word from some Spanish country, transferring the application from the vessel to the liquor contained in it. The process would be parallel to that which is illustrated by 'claret cup,' or the German *Bowle*. The latter is a very good parallel, for the word is the English 'bowl', adopted in a sense which it has not in England."

80. 73. *no shall I, shall I :* no shilly-shallying.

81. 79. *the Rose :* see 32. 56 and note.

82. 47. *Guardian Angels :* the money she had provided for his release. Angels were last coined by Charles I.

84. 112. *Catch-poles :* bum-bailiffs. Head, in his chapter on *The Catch-Pole, or Tenter-Hook*, observes that "the indigent and insolvent look upon him as the properest shape wherein they fancy *Satan*, fearing that one time or other he will meet with them, and drag them to an Hell, from whence they never shall return." *Proteus Redivivus*, 1675, p. 296.

87. 9. *cross-bit :* cheated in return (a reference to Wheadle's own profession).

92. 56. *James-street :* St. James's Street, "a spacious street, with very good houses, well inhabited by gentry" (Strype). Waller had a house there from 1660 to his death in 1687.

93. 77. *and how, and how :* a trick of speech of Sir Oliver's when he is excited ; *cf.* 174. 478.

95. 157. *the Mathematicks :* the particular branch of this science which Sir Oliver had in mind was, no doubt, Multiplication.

96. 169. *the French-house or the Bear :* the French-house is likely to have been "Chatelin's, the French house in Covent Garden", where Pepys and his company were displeased by "a damned base dinner" on Friday, March 13, 1667–8. It was at the French House that Sir Simon Addleplot, in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood* (1672), proposed to treat Lady Flippant, and a scene in the play is laid there.

The Bear is probably not the Bear at the Bridge foot, with which Verity identifies it, but another well-known house, the Bear in Drury Lane, described by Pepys as "an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen" (Feb. 18, 1667–8). Its full title will be found later in the play (125. 221).

103. 136. *Reaks :* pranks, riotous tricks : "chiefly in the phrase *to keep* or *play reaks* (very common in 17th c.)." *N.E.D.*

103. 159. *the combing of their Perriwigs :* to do this in public was a common form of foppery ; *e.g.* Dryden's Prologue to the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*, 1672 :—

> But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
> Straight, every man who thinks himself a Wit,
> Perks up ; and, managing his Comb, with grace,
> With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face.

104. 11. *the Mulberry-Garden :* see note to 70. 121.

105. 28. *Bubble :* dupe. See note to 25. 67.

105. 60. *Vizard-Masks :* these were much worn in the early years of the Restoration, but they soon fell into disrepute on account of their habitual use by courtezans (see 131. 78) ; Courtall gives an excellent account of their decline in ll. 115–9 of this scene. In Shadwell's *A True Widow* (1679), towards the end of the Third Act, Theodosia says to Carlos " You must not talk with Visors in the Pit, though they look never so like Women of quality, and are never so coming."

106. 83. *Course a Park :* " a country game, in which a girl called out one of the other sex to chase her." *N.E.D.*

106. 84. *Barly-Break :* another country game involving hard running, somewhat resembling Prisoners' Base.

106. 86–7. *lower Door . . . contrary side :* This is one of a number of passages in plays of the time which show that the Restoration theatre had two doors on each side of the proscenium.

108. 127. *a Farendon Gown :* Farandine was " a kind of cloth used in the seventeenth century, made partly of silk and partly of wool or hair." *N.E.D.* Lucy, in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood* (1672), exclaims :—" Leave sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*—Oh furious ingratitude ! was not he the Man that gave me my first Farrendon Gown, put me out of Worsted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dress, talk, and move well." Act III, Sc. i.

112. 74. *the New Exchange :* a building on the south side of the Strand, arranged as an arcade, with two long double galleries of shops, one above the other. In Etherege's time all fashionable London frequented these shops to buy the newest expensive trifles—ribbons, knots and essences—from the originals of Mrs. Trinckit and Mrs. Gazet, and country ladies thronged thither to see, in the walks as well as the shops, what was being worn. For this reason the houses in the Strand, over against the Exchange door, were very popular with them as lodgings. It is here that Bellinda settles her imaginary friends from the

country, and Pert at once corroborates her, with a Londoner's contempt for the rustic fashion-seeker: "That place is never without a Nest of 'em, they are always as one goes by flearing in Balconies or staring out of Windows" (266. 54–9). The walks were useful (as in the present passage) for assignations, and were a fashionable promenade; in the lower one, at the Blue Anchor, was the bookshop of Herringman, the chief bookseller in London before Tonson, and the publisher of all Etherege's plays.

113. 119. *Amb.:* both together (*ambo*).

113. 122. *the Park:* St. James's Park.

122. 117. *Essence of Oranges:* see note to 231. 233. This custom lasted into the eighteenth century; in the 113th number of *The Tatler* Hughes gives a list of the effects, shortly to be sold by auction, of a fop who had recently been struck speechless by the loss of his snuffbox; they included a quart of orange-flower water and an eyebrow brush. See also 199. 352.

125. 221. *the Bear in Drury-lane:* "the privat'st place in Town," according to Sir Joslin (128. 54). See note to 96. 169.

128. 61. *a Busk:* a corset. (Originally the strip of wood, metal or whalebone used to stiffen it.)

129. 72. *errant:* thoroughgoing. See *N.E.D.* under *errant* II. † 7. and *arrant* 3.

131. 83. *a Knight of the Industry:* a sharper (*chevalier d'industrie*).

132. 111. *Border:* of hair, worn round the forehead with the cap. As Sir Oliver admits, the "whole head" or full perriwig (l. 125) was now in fashion.

132. 115. *Calot:* a plain skull-cap.

133. 145. *the fore-cock and the hind-cock:* in a letter to Mr. *Spectator* (written by Budgell, and published in No. 319, March 6, 1712) Dorinda complains of the difficulty of recognising a humble Servant of hers in the different forms of wig he had assumed during a month's courtship. She adds "I observed afterwards, that the Variety of Cocks into which he moulded his Hat, had not a little contributed to his Impositions upon me."

133. 157. *Castor:* the beaver referred to in l. 141.

134. 161. *Champagne:* campaign.

135. 203–4. *a Droll . . . Covent-Garden:* an allusion to the puppet plays there. Pepys saw them several times in 1662; on 9 May he went "to see an Italian puppet play, that is within the rayles there, which is very pretty, the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants." And again on May 23,

after the Opera, " my wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant."

136. 249. *fegue :* feague, " to ' do for ', ' settle the business of.' " *N.E.D.*, which quotes the present passage as its earliest example of this meaning. See note to 150. 39.

138. 313. *Premunire :* fix, predicament.

139. 345. *Umbre and Quebas :* umbre is the famous card-game, usually spelt ombre. Quebas the *N.E.D.* (which quotes the present passage only) does not venture to define further than as " some kind of a game," but the context suggests that it also was played with cards.

142. 441–2. *I knew . . . project.* This part of the speech has not hitherto been separated from the former, but it is clearly an aside ; see 140. 361–2.

142. 446. *the new Spring-Garden :* the Spring Gardens were so called from an artificial jet or spray of water which was arranged to sprinkle the unwary. The Old Spring Garden was at Charing Cross ; after the Restoration it was built over and the entertainments were removed to the New Spring Garden in Lambeth. This was at Vauxhall (spelt Fox Hall until about 1700—see 155. 194) ; it began to be known as Vauxhall Gardens about the middle of the eighteenth century.

143. 13. *the Kings-house :* the theatre royal. On August 21, 1660, the King issued patents to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant, licensing them to form two companies of players and erect two theatres, and assuring them that no other company should be allowed to act within the city of London. Killigrew, after using several temporary houses, established himself and the King's players in May, 1663, in his newly-built theatre royal in Bridges Street, the building referred to by Sentry. It was destroyed by fire in 1672, and rebuilt in the same place—between Drury Lane and Bridges Street—in 1673. The theatre royal was generally known as the King's house, and Davenant's theatre as the Duke's house, Davenant having surrendered his original patent and received (on Jan. 15, 1662) a fresh one which styled his company " the servants of our dearly-beloved brother, James, Duke of York." See next note.

144. 26. *the Dukes-house :* see previous note. Davenant's company, which included Betterton, began playing at Salisbury Court in November 1660, but the Duke's house at which

Courtall was discovered was the new theatre in Lincolns Inn Fields, opened in June 1661 and referred to on the title page of *The Comical Revenge*. All Etherege's plays were performed at the Duke's house ; the first two at the building in Lincolns Inn Fields, and the third in the theatre in Dorset-garden to which Davenant's company removed in 1671, when Etherege wrote a prologue to be spoken at the opening performance.

144. 36. *Grayes-Inn-walks :* a fashionable promenade at this period, and notorious as a place for assignations. Pepys went there on Sunday June 30, 1661, " all alone, and with great pleasure, seeing the fine ladies walk there," and the following spring, also on a Sunday (May 4), he took his wife there after church " to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

149. 7. *the Fleece :* see note to 15. 38.

150. 28. *I :* see note to 50. 34.

150. 39. *fegue :* the *N.E.D.* gives this passage as its earliest example of *feague* in the sense of " beat " or " whip." But the word is certainly used here, as it always is by Sir Oliver, in the sense given in the note to 136. 249 ; the knights intend to fegue Rakehell with a beer-glass (see 141. 412), not with a cudgel.

150. 47. *Spudilio :* spadillio or spadille, the ace of spades in ombre and quadrille ; see 208. 115. The present passage, and the reference to Mrs. Behn in *A Trial of the Poets for the Bays*, show that contemporary vulgar slang gave the word another meaning, of which however no hint is to be found in the *N.E.D.*

153. 138. *Execution :* in the legal sense of the seizure of a debtor's person in default of payment.

155. 194. *Fox-hall :* see note to 142. 446.

160. 8. *fleering :* gibing, jeering. See 266. 58.

161. 32. *his quarrel :* the temptation to read " this quarrel " is not supported by any edition.

161. 45. *Lantre-lou :* one of the many seventeenth century spellings of *lanterloo*, the card game later known as *Loo*. See *Textual Notes*, 208. 109.

165. 161. *Carpet :* table-cloth, as in the phrase " on the carpet." It is specially mentioned in the stage-directions at the beginning of this scene, an unusually long one being obviously required.

166. 197. *China-Orange :* China was the original home of the

orange (brought thence to Europe by the Portuguese), and this name is usual in the seventeenth century. Sir Oliver's solicitude is explained by Pepys, who made my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams welcome at his house, on March 6, 1665–6, " with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war, none to be had)."

166. 223. *Giffords :* the allusion is not to the notorious Mother Gifford, but to a fashionable eating-house. Vincent says to Ranger, in the Fourth Act of Wycherley's *Love in a Wood* (1672) : " I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-houses, the Coffee-house, Tennis-Court, or *Giffords*," and the Prologue to D'Urfey's *The Fool Turn'd Critick* (1678) tells the audience :

> Next these we welcome such as briskly dine,
> At *Locket's*, at *Gifford's*, or with *Shataline*.

169. 312–23. This song was printed, under the title *A Song at the Kings House*, in *Westminster-Drollery*, 1671, p. 47. It also occurs, as " *Song* 14 " among the *New Songs A-la-mode. . . . By the Wits of this Age*, in *The Academy of Complements*, 1684, p. 190. Both versions present minor changes of text.

Ebsworth, in a note to this song in his reprint of *Westminster Drolleries* in 1875, says : " The music was set by John Eccles, and is among his collected Songs (n.d., but about 1704), p. 73." This I have failed to find, but the British Museum has two copies of " *A Song in S^r* Fopling Flutter *Set by M^r* John Eccles *Sung by M^r* Fowell, *and exactly engrav'd by* Tho : Cross." The song begins

> " That you alone my Heart posses
> Is of all truths the greatest, Sure " ;

the words are trivial, and show no trace of Etherege's manner, and I have no doubt that the piece, which is undated, was composed for, and foisted into, some late performance of the play. John Eccles (b. *circa* 1650, d. 1735) did not begin composing for the theatre till about 1681.

174. 478. *and how, and how :* see 93. 77 and note.

176. 554. *the Act of Oblivion :* a very plain reference to the act of that name passed at the Restoration, granting Oblivion and Indemnity for all offences committed during the recent troubles.

178. 604. *an able Chaplain :* see 280. 194–6.

189. 1–2. *Now for . . . in vain :* the opening couplet of Waller's

poem *Upon a War with* Spain, *and a Fight at Sea.* Dennis, in his *Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, says that when the comedy was first acted it was unanimously agreed that Dorimant "had in him several of the Qualities of *Wilmot* Earl of *Rochester*," of which he gives a list. The last of them is "his repeating, on every Occasion, the Verses of *Waller*, for whom that noble Lord had a very particular esteem."

190. 22. *Foggy Nan :* "Foggy" means "unhealthily fat"; the nearest modern equivalent would be "Puffy Nan."

190. 26–7. *It is . . . I lay :* the opening lines of Waller's poem *The Self-Banished.*

190. 36. *Totnam :* Shadwell, differentiating the holiday resorts of various classes of Londoner in *The Virtuoso* (1676), says that "your Glass-Coach will to *Hide-park* for Air. The Suburb-fools trudge to *Lambs-Conduit* or *Totnam*." Act V, Sc. i.

191. 69. *a filthy trick . . . of kissing one another :* the exaggeration of this custom may be seen in the character of Woodcock in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers* (1668), "A Familiar loving Coxcomb, that embraces and kisses all men." And see 250. 214.

194. 156. *God a-mercy Judge :* "Thank you, Judge!" This is the regular meaning of God-a-mercy from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, and there is no justification for Verity's alteration of the text. An exact parallel occurs in Act I, Sc. i, of Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy* (1678), where the "Affected Learned Woman," Lady Knowell, is about to examine a basket supposed to contain books (and really containing Sir Credulous Easy), but desists in disgust on Lodwick's saying "Hold, hold Madam, they are only *English*, and some Law-*French*." Lady Knowell replies "Oh, faugh, how I hate that vile sort of reading!" She accordingly dismisses the porters with the basket, and Lodwick exclaims "God-a-mercy Law-*French*."

There is a good example also in Alexander Radcliffe's *Ovid Travestie* (second ed., 1681, p. 26), where Hermione writes to Orestes :—

> I use my needle now as well's another,
> But 'tis no God-a-mercy to my Mother.

197. 283. *Ale and History :* I have failed to trace this proverb.

198. 297. *next my heart, now : cf.* 4. 57.

198. 309–10. *Tope's . . . Robin : i.e.* tope is the word for a gentleman to use; the Shoomaker is humorously rebuking Medley for his "bloody drunk." Or, with a pause after "World,"

the last five words might go with a piece of by-play, the Shoomaker winking at the footman, and performing, in anticipation, the motions of drinking Dorimant's health. See 24. 48 and note.

199. 337. *the mad Fanatick :* Oliver Cromwell's Porter. The dialogue between "Olivers Porter, Fidler, *and* Poet *In* BEDLAM" in *A Second Collection of . . . Poems . . . Against Popery*, 1689, is opened by the Porter with the words "O Glory! Glory! who are these Appear?" Allusions to his religious frenzy occur also in *Poetical Recreations*, 1688, part ii, p. 82, "Or with *Noll*'s heav'nly Porter preach and pray," and in the Prologue to Durfey's *Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681, "Like *Lunaticks* ye roar . . . Like *Oliver*'s Porter, but not so devout."

199. 343. *give Judgments :* a Judgement is a formal assignment of property, made by judgement or decree of a court. See 39. 80, 85, and 75. 277.

199. 352–3. *Orange Flower Water :* see 122. 117 and note.

199. 356. Handy evidently goes out now, before the next speech, to return at l. 420.

203. 493. *Longs, or Lockets :* famous ordinaries; Long's might be either the tavern of that name in the Haymarket, or the one in Covent Garden; they were kept by two brothers. Locket's, also called from its landlord, Adam Locket, was even better known, and is continually referred to in plays and poems from 1675 to 1725; Lord Foppington (in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, 1697) was accustomed to "go to Dinner at *Lacket*'s; where you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stap my Vitals, they shall compose you a Dish no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to Fifty shillings." Act II, Sc. i. Etherege himself used to frequent this ordinary.

207. 76. *pise :* "Of uncertain origin. Suggested to have been an arbitrary substitute for Pest or Pox." *N.E.D.* under *pize*.

208. 115. *a Black Ace :* see 150. 46–7 and note.

208. 117. *a Matadore :* the name given in ombre and quadrille to certain principal cards: Spadille (Ace of Spades), Basto (Ace of Clubs) and Manille (black deuce or red seven).

209. 138. *since our Operas :* Evelyn notes on Jan. 5, 1673–4 :— "I saw an Italian opera in musiq, the first that had ben in England of this kind." As early as May 6, 1659, he had seen in London "a new opera, after y^e^ Italian way, in recitative music and sceanes," but had found it "much inferior to y^e^ Italian composure and magnificence."

209. 139. *Flute doux :* later (253. 290) Flutes deux (*cp.* Deux yeux, 248. 128). A note by Julian Marshall (answering a question of Verity's) in N. & Q. 7th S., V. 135 (Feb. 18, 1888) suggests that the *flûte douce* was very probably " the same as *flûte d'amour* (Germ. *Liebesflöte*), an old form of flute with a narrow bore, supposed, like the *oboe d'amore*, to have a smooth and fascinating quality of tone." Grove's *Dictionary*, on which Marshall's note is based, adds a few technical details. The instrument was evidently a popular one when Sir Fopling left France, and this is shown also by an allusion of Shadwell's three years later ; in the first scene of *A True Widow*, when Bellamour asks Stanmore " how go matters in France ? What new Foppery is turn'd up Trump there ? " he is told that " Wit and Women are quite out of Fashion, so are Flutes Doux and Fidlers, Drums and Trumpets are their only Musick."

209. 143. *the diversions of Bruxells :* I have searched in vain for any piece with this title ; it is probably as much a figment of Medley's inventive genius as " the Art of affectation " in his next speech.

209. 153. *Foolish French Words :* Melantha, in Dryden's *Marriage á la Mode* (1673), had been an excellent recent example of this affectation.

212. 73–4. *as the . . . dead :* there was evidently an official guide to take visitors round the Abbey. John Phillips, in *The Mysteries of Love & Eloquence*, 1658, p. 82, tells his readers to " suppose it to be *Easter* Holy-days : for now *Sisly*, and *Dol*, *Kate* and *Peggie*, *Moll and Nan* are marching to *Westminster*. . . . At the dore . . . they stand gaping for the Master of the Shew, staring upon the Suburbs of their delight, just as they view the painted Cloath before they go in to the Puppet-play : by and by they hear the Keys, which rejoyces their hearts like the sound of the Pancake ; for now the Man of comfort peeps over the spikes, and beholding such a learned auditory, opens the Gates of Paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first Chappel (for time is then very precious) he lifts up his voice among the Tombs, and begins his lurrey in manner and form following.

> Here lies *Will. de Valence*,
> *a right good Earl of* Pembroke ; "

and so on, through seven pages of doggerel verse on the tombs and their tenants.

214. 133–4. *They taste . . . alive :* the opening couplet of Waller's poem *Of her Chamber.*

215. 170–1. *So Thunder. . . . Rain :* Shadwell copies this in a similar situation in *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), where Mrs. Termagant says to Belfond Junior : " Insolent ! How dare you thus provoke my Fury ? Was ever Womans Love like mine to thee ? Perfidious man ! " Then she weeps, and Belfond remarks : " So, after the Thunder, thus the heat drops fall." Act II, Sc. i.

I have not succeeded in tracing the source of Dorimant's couplet.

215. 179. *the Mail :* the Mall, a gravel walk in St. James's Park. It was a popular resort, having been constructed by Charles II as an enclosure for the playing of his favourite game of Pall Mall, and being much used by him.

217. 261. *may do you :* the modern reader is apt to emend to " may't " (see *Textual Notes*). But the phrase was a regular one ; for instance, in the first scene of Ravenscroft's *London Cuckolds* (1682) occurs the dialogue :—

Wiseacre. You have a witty wife, much good may doe you with her.

Doodle. And much good may doe you with your fool.

220. 53. *the Haughty Merab :* Merab was the elder daughter of Saul (I Samuel, 14. 49 and 18. 17–19). Harriet had probably been reading Cowley's *Davideis*, a poem which even Lady Woodvill would hardly have regarded as unsuitable for the young. Book III contains a full account of the haughtiness of Merab ; *e.g.* :—

> *Merab* rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
> And fortifi'd her *vertue* with Disdain. . . .
> Her *wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.

Harriet's couplet (ll. 55–6) is probably a quotation, but I have not discovered its source.

224. 173. *i' th' Circle :* the " Tour " or Ring in Hyde Park, where the fashionable world paraded.

225. 12. *Muddiman.* Henry Muddiman (1629–92) was the first editor of the *London Gazette*, but the reference is to his famous news-letters, which were very popular with the country gentry. Muddiman did not accept a lower fee than £5 a year for his letters, and he had some hundreds of clients all over England.

228. 116. *confidence :* intimacy (with Loveit) ; cp. 229. 160.
228. 123. *Ambara's : embarras* (also 230. 187).
230. 179. *brillian : brillant.*
230. 189. *Equipage :* retinue, train of servants ; see 237. 124–5 (stage direction), and 241. 270.
230. 196. *Gallesh :* a light low-wheeled carriage, *calèche.*
231. 231. *Chedreux :* a fashionable perruquier of the late seventeenth century. The name was also given to a wig invented by him.
231. 233. *Orangerie . . . smell :* this was a fashionable scent ; see 122. 117 and note. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper* (1680) Mrs. Tricksy tells Limberham " I have been looking over the last Present of *Orange* Gloves you made me ; and methinks I do not like the scent." Act III, Sc. i.
232. 244. *a rest :* a remnant.
232. 266. *stum's a brain :* to stum is to raise a new fermentation in wine by adding stum or must to it. Hence, as here, to give a false impression of sparkle and vivacity. Oldham wrote in his *Letter from the Country* in July, 1678 :—

> As the poor Drunkard, when Wine stums his brains,
> Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.

234. 39–40. *In Love . . . that dy :* the final couplet of Waller's poem *To a Friend of the different success of their Loves.*
234. 41. *High Park :* Hyde Park. I have not found this form in any writer but Etherege, who only uses it twice (see 279. 151). Probably it fell altogether out of use early in the eighteenth century ; see *Textual Notes.*
234. 44. *Tweers :* twires (sly glances, leers).
235. 69. *stint :* limit.
237. 133–4. *Snatcht from . . . the shore :* the third and fourth lines of Waller's poem *Of Loving at first Sight.*
238. 177–8. *See how . . . , Beauty passes :* the opening lines (omitting the first word, " Do'st ") of Suckling's *Sonnet* I.
239. 194. *hulch'd up :* doubled up (like a hulch-back).
240. 228–9. Verity reduces the number of ill-fashion'd fellows from four to three, and I have no doubt that any stage manager would agree with him.
240. 232. *pulvilio :* perfumed powder.
240. 238. *smoak :* have an inkling, understand (that they are being criticised).
241. 252. *Cordivant :* cordwain ; Cordovan leather.

241. 262. *He's a hollow Tooth :* see *Textual Notes.*

241. 265. *a dainty pair of Boxes :* presumably some kind of overshoe ; see 203. 479, " humbling your self to a pair of Goloshoes."

241. 270. *trigg :* walk briskly, trip.

242. 287. *Then Hampshire be your name :* Congreve refers to this passage in his Notes on the Third Book of *Ovid's Art of Love* (Tonson, 1709 ; pp. 253–4) : " *The Ancients us'd to call their Servants by the names of the Countries from whence they came, as* Lydus, Syrus, Dacus, *from* Lydia, Syria, *and* Dacia ; *so* Geta *comes from the Country of the* Getæ. *The* French *to this Day do the same, and call their Footmen* Champagne le Picard, le Gascon, le Bourgignon, *&c. And Sir* George Etheridge *in his Sir* Fopling Flutter, *the* Hampshire, *&c. speaking to his Valet, imitates this Custom.*"

243. 317. *Critick :* critique.

244. 355–6. *Wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young :* Dorimant's mind is evidently running on the couplet in Waller's poem *Of the Danger His Majesty* (*being Prince*) *escaped in the Road at Saint* Andrews, ll. 13–14 :—

> Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble song ;
> Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young.

248. 128. *Deux yeux :* see note to 209. 139.

249. 158. *irregular fitts :* Medley must have overheard this ; see 260. 69.

251. 218. *Evelià : éveillée.* Verity illustrates admirably from no. 45 of the *Spectator*, where Addison, urging women to keep their " Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity," remarks that " the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion."

251. 222–4. *in Paris . . . Coquetté :* Sir Fopling is probably repeating what he had heard there ; in the *Recueil des Histoires Galantes* (" A COLOGNE.", no date, but the B.M. catalogue conjectures " 1670 ? ", and my copy was bought by Sir Godfrey Copley in Feb. 1676) the *Histoire Amoureuse de France* is followed by *Maximes d'Amour du mesme Auteur* [*i.e.* Bussy], of which the third, entitled *Toutes des Amans*, is as follows : —

Silvandre dans l'incertitude,
Quelle il aymeroit mieux la Coquette, ou la Prude,
Et ne pouvant enfin se resoudre à choisir,
Me demanda quelle victoire
Seroit plus selon mon desir ;
Voulez vous luy dis-je me croire,
La Prude donne plus de gloire,
La Coquette plus de plaisir.

251. 228. *Coque a Lasne : coq-à-l'âne,* " discours sans liaison, passant d'un sujet à l'autre." Littré.

251. 236. *La corneùs and Sallyes :* Verity suggests that these ladies may possibly be Mesdames Cornuel and Selles, minor figures in the French literary world of the time who are mentioned by Bussy.

251. 248. *D'Ambois :* Louis de Clermont d'Amboise, Sieur de Bussy (1549–79), adventurer and murderer. Sir Fopling's mistake is characteristic ; his French veneer fails him, and he knows only the Bussy of a former age, who had long been familiar to English theatre-goers. Chapman's tragedy, *Bussy d'Ambois,* had survived the Restoration ; Mrs. Pepys saw it on Dec. 30, 1661 ; her husband read and admired it on Nov. 15, 1662 ; and Dryden censured its " glaring colours " in the Dedication of *The Spanish Friar* (1681).

251. 250. *Rabutin :* Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy (1618–93), author of the famous *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules.*

252. 264. *state :* canopy.

253. 290. *Flutes deux :* see 209. 139 and note.

253. 311. *St. Andrè :* at this period probably at the height of his reputation. Shadwell writes, in the preface to his *Psyche* (1675), " The Dances were made by the most famous Master of *France,* Monsieur St. *Andreé,*" and St. André's name heads the list of a dozen dancers who appeared in John Crowne's masque of *Calisto,* produced at court about the same time as the magnificent first appearance of *Psyche* in February 1674–5.

253. 316. *Basqué :* the *basque* is the skirt of a coat.

258. 8. *sleeveless :* fruitless.

258. 22–5. Dorimant may or may not have intended his asseveration to take the form of an Alexandrine, but she is quick to interrupt his heroics with her rhyming reply.

261. 103. *Merille :* according to Bussy, in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,* " Merille étoit le principal confident du duc " [de Candale]. (Bussy's *Mémoires, ed.* Lalanne, 1857, ii. 322.) After the death of de Candale, Merille appears in the service of the Duke of Orleans ; Bussy speaks of him in October 1673 as " valet de chambre de M. le Duc d'Orleans," and in April 1677 as " premier valet de chambre de Monsieur." (*Correspondance,* 1858, ii. 313–4, iii. 240.)

261. 105–6. *the Duke of Candale :* Louis-Charles-Gaston de Nogaret de Foix, duc de Candale (1627–58). Bussy mentions him in 1654 as " colonel de l'infanterie de France et capitaine général dans notre armée " (*Mémoires,* i. 379), but also as " homme de courage mais de nulle expérience à la guerre " (*ib.* i. 402–3). Bussy, however, had a feud with him of some duration, though ultimately they were reconciled.

261. 107–8. *his immortal reputation :* Bussy, at the beginning of his *Histoire Amoureuse,* confirms the duke's reputation, but ascribes it to his mistress rather than his valet. He writes : " Le duc de Candale avoit les yeux bleus, le nez bien fait, les traits irréguliers, la bouche grande et désagréable mais de fort belles dents, les cheveux blonds dorés en la plus grande quantité du monde. Sa taille étoit admirable et s'habilloit bien, et les plus propres tâchoient de l'imiter. Il avoit l'air d'un homme de grande qualité, il tenoit un des premiers rangs en France. . . . Le génie en étoit médiocre, mais dans ses premières amours il étoit tombé entre les mains d'une dame qui avoit infiniment de l'esprit, et comme ils s'étoient tous deux fort aimés, elle avoit pris tant de soin de le dresser, et lui de plaire à cette belle, que l'art avoit passé la nature, et qu'il étoit bien plus honnête homme que mille gens qui avoient bien plus d'esprit que lui." (*Mémoires,* 1857, ii. 310.)

261. 109. *Brandenburgh :* morning gown (from the Prussian city, which was famous for its woollen manufactures). When Olivia, in Wycherley's *The Plain-Dealer* (acted 1674), hears of Manly's return from sea, she regrets that she will now have her " Chamber perfum'd with his Tarpaulin Brandenburgh."

261. 128. *Lambert :* Michel Lambert (1610–96) " eut à la cour de France la réputation d'un des meilleurs musiciens de son temps. . . . Le Cardinal de Richelieu . . . lui fit avoir la charge de maître de musique de la chambre du roi. Lambert était

devenu le maître à la mode : les dames de la cour, les hommes du bon ton recherchaient ses leçons avec empressement ; il avait tant d'élèves qu'il tenait chez lui une espèce d'académie." *Nouvelle Biographie Générale.*

262. 130. *a ruél :* a ruelle was originally the space between a bed and a wall ; later " a bedroom, where ladies of fashion in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially in France, held a morning reception of persons of distinction ; hence, a reception of this kind." *N.E.D.* But the peculiar aptness of the word to Sir Fopling is better shown by Littré :—" Se disait particulièrement des chambres à coucher sous Louis XIV, des alcôves de certaines dames de qualité, servant de salon de conversation et où régnait souvent le ton précieux." The imitation by English ladies of this " fashion of receiving visits in their beds " is one of the French fopperies censured by Addison in the *Spectator* (No. 45).

262. 141. *Baptist :* Jean Baptiste Lully (1633–87), a Florentine, his original name being Giovanni Battista Lulli. He was naturalised as a Frenchman in 1661, and became master of the court music to Louis XIV. He has been claimed as the founder of French opera, and is called by Pepys (June 18, 1666) " the present great composer." The song, " Tell me no more I am deceiv'd," which Etherege contributed to Nahum Tate's *A Duke and No Duke* (1685), was " set to Music by Signior *Baptist.*"

266. 58. *flearing :* see 160. 8. and note.

268. 94–5. *I, that . . . you love :* the third couplet of Waller's poem *To the mutable Fair*, the first word being altered from *And* to *I*.

276. 76–7. *Sir C. S. :* almost certainly Sir Car Scroope, who wrote the prologue to this play ; otherwise the song would probably have been assigned to Sir Charles Sedley, among whose *Works* it was not printed until 1722. It is one of the songs burlesqued in Radcliffe's *Ramble*, 1682 (pp. 21–2). Thomas Coxeter, in his annotated copy of Gildon's Langbaine in the Bodleian (8° Rawl. 1053), says :—" The Prol. was written by S^r^ Car Scroope, Bart. (as also y^e^ Song in the last Act, translated from part of an Elegy written in French by Madame la Comtesse de la Suze ; vid. *Le Recüeil des Pieces Gallantes*, pag. 42. tom. 1.)."

This reference, which Coxeter doubtless copied in from

Langbaine's original volume of 1691, does not fit the earliest edition of the *Recueil* known to me—that of 1678, "Sur la Copie à Paris"—but it fits the Paris editions of 1680 and 1684. An *ELEGIE*, beginning at p. 40 of the latter, contains the lines imitated by Scroop:—

> Si vous voyez Tirsis, sans doute il vous plairoit,
> Et malgré vos froideurs il vous enflâmeroit;
> Amour est dans ses yeux, il est dans son langage,
> Il aime, il fait aimer, se peut-il davantage?
> Il ne forma jamais que des desseins heureux,
> Ah! l'on m'avoit dit qu'il estoit dangereux.
> L'honneur de nos hameaux, la divine Climene,
> Au soir que nos troupeaux passoient parmy la plaine,
> Voyant qu'il m'abordoit, me vint dire tout bas,
> Si vous craignez d'aimer, ah! ne l'écoutez pas:
> Son adresse en cet art n'eut jamais de pareille,
> Il sçait comme on attire une ame par l'oreille;
> Fuyez, fuyez, Bergere, un si mortel hasard,
> Je ne sçaurois, luy dis-je, il est un peu trop tard.

277. 92–3. *Musick so . . . resistance find:* the sixth couplet of Waller's poem *On my Lady* Isabella *playing on the Lute*, with the word "an" altered to "one."

280. 189. *the Canonical hour:* the Canonical hours are those within which marriages can be legally performed.

280. 195–6. *The man . . . spirit:* see 178. 604.

285. 366. *fierè:* haughty (*fière*).

287. 426. *vollary:* volary, aviary.

287. 434. *My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle:* Addison writes, in his paper on the *Cries of London*, "I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but alas this Cry, like the Song of the Nightingales, is not heard above two Months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same Air might not in some Cases be adapted to other Words." *Spectator*, No. 251.

288. 9. *cocks:* swaggers, struts; or (see note to 133. 145) cocks his hat.

288. 10. *I:* see note to 50. 34.

288. 15–6. *Yet none . . . ye all:* Verity calls attention to a parallel in the prologue to *The Virtuoso*, where Shadwell wrote:

Yet no one Coxcomb in this Play is shown ;
No one Man's humour makes a part alone,
But scatter'd follies gather'd into one.

Shadwell dates the epistle dedicatory to his play June 26, 1676 ; it was licensed on May 31, and *The Man of Mode* on June 3 ; so that probably either Dryden or Shadwell had been impressed, consciously or otherwise, by lines heard so recently.

288. 22. *Toss : i.e.* of the head.

288. 22. *Wallow :* " a rolling walk or gait " according to the *N.E.D.*, which gives no other example of " wallow " with this meaning.

288. 24. *Snake :* " a long curl or tail attached to a wig." *N.E.D.*

288. 28. *shog :* jerk.

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